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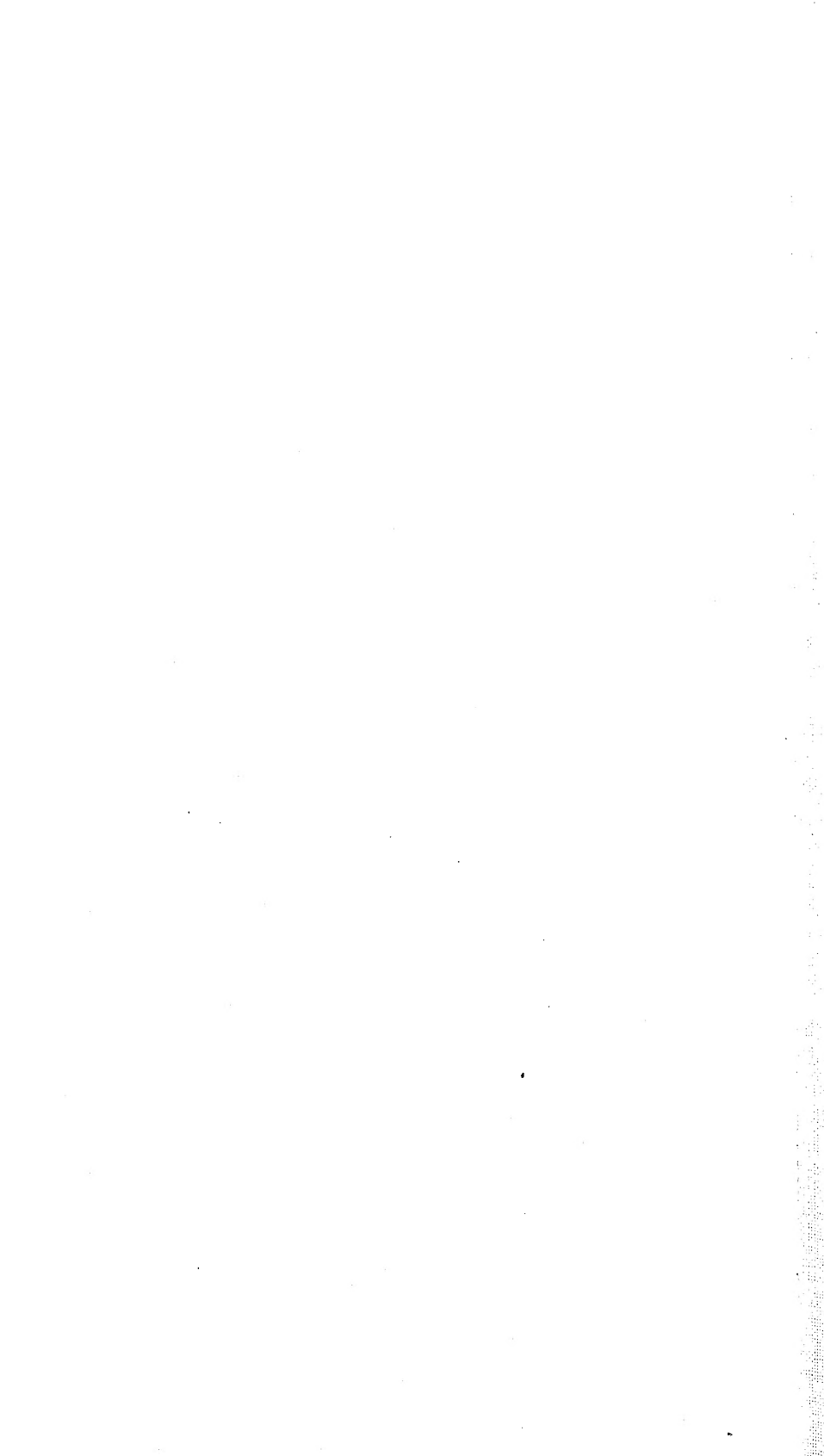
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2011
10/10/11



John L. ...
ARDNT'S

Spirit of the Times,

Translated from the German by the Rev. P. W.

BEING

The Work for the Publication of which the Unfortunate

PALM, OF ERLANGEN,

WAS SACRIFICED BY

NAPOLEON, THE DESTROYER;

CONTAINING

HISTORICAL

AND

POLITICAL SKETCHES,

WITH PROGNOSTICS,

RELATIVE TO

SPAIN & PORTUGAL,

Russia, Turkey, Austria,

FRANCE AND BONAPARTE.

London :

**PRINTED BY AND FOR W. M. THISELTON, GOODGE STREET;
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PREFACE.

WHEN the heroic Palm, the unfortunate bookseller of Erlangen, (whose fate, to the eternal honour of the British character, made so deep and laudable an impression on the minds of Englishmen, that a very considerable sum was generously collected here by subscription, for his disconsolate widow and fatherless children,) was executed by the orders of that Man of Blood who impiously tramples under foot all laws, both human and divine, I requested my correspondents in Germany to send me a copy of the *Corpus Delicti*, but received for answer

that the publication which had drawn upon the murdered Palm the sanguinary vengeance of the FRENCH ATTILA, had suddenly disappeared, and that it was highly dangerous even to SPEAK of them. ARNDT's *Geist der Zeit* (Spirit of the Times) being at the same time mentioned to me as the work that had chiefly kindled the Tyrant's savage rage, the more so, as the author, a Pomeranian by birth, had escaped his resentment by a timely flight to Sweden; I was impatient to inspect a work that could betray the GREAT Napoleon into the commission of an act that has made him LITTLE, beyond the power of utterance, in the face of Europe; and my curiosity increased with the difficulty of gratifying it. Having succeeded at last in my endeavours, through the kindness of a friend who had purchased that famous publication in Denmark, and finding that, amongst other predictions of the author, that of the late glorious revolution in Spain, written in November 1805, was literally fulfilling; observing at the

same time, that his remarks on the Belligerent Powers, and others that are likely soon to appear on the scene of action, bespeak him a man of considerable knowledge of the world and the human heart, and of profound political penetration and judgment, I concluded that a selection of what cannot but be highly interesting to every loyal Briton at the present crisis, would be acceptable to the public in general. The subsequent pages contain only the Second Part of Arndt's Work, the First not appearing to me to possess interest enough for an *English* reader; it being composed almost entirely of a metaphysical criticism of ancient nations, and of the present state of philosophy, history, divinity, &c. couched in the unintelligible jargon of the critical philosophy, which for a long while deterred me, as it has several learned friends of mine, from attempting the perusal of the book, until at last my aversion was overcome by my lighting accidentally upon what he says of Spain, which

encouraged me to peruse that part of his strictures upon modern nations, of which the subsequent pages treat, and which have amply repaid me for the difficulty I had in wading through the mud of his sybillic style.

Having in Germany (my native country) CERTAIN expectations of a comfortable provision for the remainder of a life chequered by many grievous disappointments ; and the part where I am entitled to a situation both honourable and lucrative being particularly under the immediate controul of that Friend in human shape, who rules with an iron sceptre over the deluded nations who looked up to him as a restorer of universal and genuine liberty, I flatter myself that the reader will not blame me for not giving my name at full length. I do not indeed desire ever to quit this hospitable country, where all the intended victims of the modern Attila are sure of meeting with a safe asylum, although I have to toil very hard to maintain myself and

an amiable consort, but having aged parents in Germany, who might be made to suffer for the temerity of their son, filial affection and duty, require that I should not expose them to the Tyrant's vengeance by publishing my name. Such of my readers, however, as may wish to inspect the original from which I have made the subsequent selection, may be satisfied by calling for it at No. 8, *Howland Street, Fitzroy Square.*

" In the second part of this production the writer takes a view of the
" principal nations of the present age, and proves himself to be
" a man of extensive knowledge of the world, and of acute
" observation. The Germans he pities; the Italians he considers
" as deserving of their fate, and incapable of being free; of the
" Spaniards he entertains great hopes, and he anticipates, from
" the nature of their country and the character of the inha-
" bitants, the approach of better times."

Monthly Review for 1806, vol. li. p. 526.

Spain & Portugal.

ALREADY in early youth Spain and her history had wonderful charms for me; which prepossessed my mind in their favour, even before my judgment could influence my affections. In the progress of time I became so extremely partial to that history, that I frequently wished myself transported beyond the Pyrenees to explore that romantic country, where in ancient times feats had been achieved that beggar the poet's glowing fancy. Iberia, on the stream of Pyrène, was the golden fabled land of the ancient Greeks—the valued treasure—enviously concealed by the covetous Phœnician from the Orient:—Iberia, the reward of victory, for which Rome and Carthage waged wars as sanguinary as they were obstinate. What a country! what a nation! Cultivated and peopled in every direction, blessed with liberty and prosperity—city bordering on city, and castle on castle;

when the Romans were invited to deliver that country from its Punic oppressors. Scipio, endowed with moderation and wisdom, was the man who could be confidently expected to realize the hopes held out by Rome; his mind was largely stored with Roman greatness; but he possessed a still larger share of Roman cunning. The Carthagenians being expelled, the cupidity of the Romans betrayed itself without reserve, and now began a long sanguinary conflict of one hundred and seventy years, in which the Spaniards were frequently victorious; for a long time striking such fear into the minds of their perfidious invaders, as rendered it difficult for these mighty Lords of the world to prevail upon either of their renowned generals to conduct their wars against the Iberians. No nation on earth has made a *nobler stand* against its invaders, nor has any nation been subdued more *treacherously* by means of the vilest artifices, dissensions, and midnight-assassinations. The Romans availed themselves of their favourite stratagem—sowing dissension, preaching up liberty in one state with whose citizens they fraternized, whilst they made it instrumental in burying another underneath its ruins; but this was not sufficient to subdue a nation so brave and free as the ancient Spaniards. The country was too rich, too populous, and too strong to become an easy prey to the rapacious Romans, and after each defeat the nation rose with redoubled energy more dreadful, long keeping in suspense the balance of victory. Individual towns,

individual petty provinces annihilated whole Roman legions, and made the banks of the Tiber resound with deep lamentations. Fifty years after the first Scipio, arose Viriathus, the Lusitanian, a valiant sportsman:—for five years he contended unsubdued for liberty, whose banners waved over accumulating heaps of slain Romans. But those vile wretches, who boasted of past victories, employed the dagger of the midnight assassin against their brave and dreaded foes—by this means fell Numantia, the heroine. Her conquered citizens rather chose to die than yield to the rapacious foe, and died the death of freemen beneath the ruins of their burning city, fired by the despairing hand of dying liberty.

Spain was never entirely subdued by the Romans—Augustus, the despot, still celebrated Cantrabrian triumphs, a proof that the mountains of the northern and western coasts were yet unsubdued. All the tribes that composed the ancient Spanish nation were brave; but the northern mountaineers maintained their liberty and independence longest. Blows were all that the conquering Romans could expect to gain of them; they were defended by their cloud-capped mountains, their poverty, and fearless courage.

Under the Roman monarchy, from the first to the fifth century, Spain was one of the most prosperous of all the unfortunate provinces of that gigantic empire. Even in those horrid times the splendour of her cities,

and the prosperity and valour of her inhabitants are spoken of with admiration. Culture and learning made here the most rapid progress; and several of the most famous and celebrated men of the age were Spaniards. One of these was the great and amiable Trajan, and Rome had not deserved to be blessed by Spain with that generous monarch. The calamities and spolations with which the northern and eastern provinces of the Roman empire were visited at that time, did not extend to Spain. It was not before the middle of the third century, a most fatal period, that the Franks, those despoilers of Gaul, extended their excursions beyond the Pyrenees. That here, and in Africa, learning and a certain degree of prosperity obtained longest, clearly appears by the learned African and Spanish bishops, mentioned in the beginning of modern history. At length, Iberia was invaded by the German barbarians, the Sueves, the Vandals, and the Alans. The two latter nations mostly passed in 429 the Strait, and settled in Africa. Spain remained in the possession of the Sueves, who by degrees spread farther westward. But the valiant Visigoths had already extended their possessions to the Iberus. After Chodwig's victory at Vougle, these were compressed within a narrower space, and pressed upon the Sueves. Their valour succeeded, the Sueves were subdued, and became blended with the Visigoths. The latter, who appear to have been milder and more polished than the Sueves, by degrees united themselves with the original inhabitants, whose

language at last gained the upper hand, as was the case of most of the German tribes who founded empires in the ancient Roman countries—a proof both of a more numerous population, and of superior refinement.

In none of all the conquered countries does there appear to have remained so much of ancient customs, usages, and languages, adopted by the conquerors, as in Spain. The countries bordering on the Lower Danube having been gradually devastated from the third century, became for six successive centuries the theatre of the excesses and conflicts of the most savage barbarians; all vestiges of national originality disappeared together with the language of the Romans. Italy and Gaul were most exposed to the incursions from behind the Rhine and the Alps, being frequently ravaged, and over-run by several nations, before those who were to be the masters of those countries could obtain a permanent footing. Spain remained long at peace, and until the last general migration of barbarous nations took place, only heard of the calamity of the other provinces, whilst it suffered no national affliction besides the evils resulting from mal-administration. Even the fury of its savage conquerors had been for several years cooled in the beautiful regions of Gaul; nor were they sufficiently numerous to subdue the whole country all at once. The northern mountaineers, as well as those inhabiting the west, and the great and rich cities situated on the shores of the Mediterranean, maintained

their independence for a considerable time. When the Visigoths at last became masters of the whole country, they had already been greatly Romanised in the South of Gaul and the North of Spain, and usurped the dominion without being guilty of flagrant excesses. Hence not all national originality was extinguished, many traits of the ancient Spanish character remaining entire, which rendered it possible for the brave Visigothic and the valiant Spanish national spirit to produce great excellence. This is the reason why in Spain every thing attained more speedily to maturity than in the other Germanic empires; an over-bearing, domineering hierarchy; great and powerful dynasts and barons; in short, an earlier reduction of national energy through the poliarchy of feudalism; but agriculture and industry, seem to have been here brought to greater perfection in the sixth and seventh centuries, than in the rest of Europe, and I believe that many improvements are falsely attributed to the Moors, and their regulations. These, indeed, were a brave and enterprising nation, but at the same time continually engaged with the Spaniards in a sanguinary contest for superiority; they could not consequently find leisure to new-model the entire state of the nation.

The Moors arrived in the eighth century, invited by internal discord, overcoming through enthusiasm and courage the divided Spaniards, and would have destroyed the liberty of Europe had not Charles Martel (the

hammer) crushed them. The first powerful invasions of that dreadful nation being passed, the Europeans recovered from their terror, and the Spaniards from servitude. It must, however, be observed, that the first beginnings of a vigorous restoration of the state are not clearly recorded in national documents, but only inferred from obscure traditions; for, two centuries of Spanish history have almost totally disappeared from record. The Moors, desiring to accomplish more than they were able to achieve, had neglected to conquer in the first terror which they inspired, the northern mountains of the peninsula. They also soon divided into a great number of small states:—these, indeed, were to obey one common sultan; but little obedience is to be expected when the sovereign is not powerful; and where many command, there the collective mass obey but indifferently. Of this the Moors were convinced through numerous reverses, and had not Africa repeatedly supplied the deficiency by sending new swarms across the Strait, the thirteenth century would probably already have terminated their dominion in Spain. It was from the northern mountains that the christians, conducted by valiant leaders, gradually spread, and with the beginning of the tenth century commenced the contest against the Moors, though faintly at first, and with divided power. With Rodrigo Diaz commenced the age of Spanish heroism and chivalry. The numerous petty states were by intermarriages of their chiefs and repeated victories, gradually united into two

larger states, and one of a middle size—Arragon, Castile, and Portugal. In the thirteenth century the Visigoths had subdued the remaining terror of the Moors; they living thenceforth only in mountain fastnesses and in fortified towns behind the Sierra Morena, and on the shores of the sea. The war continued two centuries longer; but it was more a war of exercise than of terror.

Spain began again to flourish—heroism, a chivalrous spirit, together with the ever blooming charms of nature, aided by enthusiasm and love, waked the powers of poetry and harmony. Numerous feuds among the barons, indeed, were not wanting; but Iberia was blessed with peculiar advantages of climate and nature, and could not consequently be ruined through small calamities. An aspiring mind, a spirit of independence, together with enthusiasm in love, in religion, and in the cultivation of the arts, exalted the nation, and rendered the Spanish name renowned among the nations of Europe. The period of highest prosperity commenced under Ferdinand and Isabella. Castile and Arragon became united, and their sovereigns acquiring by dint of power and artifice the dominion over the whole empire, could now avail themselves of the collective energies of a generous and noble-minded nation. In Spain the last Moors were now subdued, and those in Africa learned to bend their necks under the yoke of servitude; America was discovered, and Italy conquered by

Spanish legions. The fame of Spanish knights spread far and wide; but farther still extended the glory of their valiant and generous feats. But alas! Iberia's kings degenerated into despots, undermining the liberty of their own people, and threatening subjugation to other nations. In one place resistance prevailed, in another growing weakness; and after a century, celebrated by the most astonishing feats, the nation began to decline. After a succession of great sovereigns, of brave despots, —weaklings, and devotees occupied the throne. The princes of the house of Habsburg degenerated through frequent intermarriages, and thenceforth no great man was produced by that family. Submission to priestly influence, and weakness were entailed from father to son; but longer than the nation's strength lasted the admired courage of the legions formed by Córdova, Pescara, and Alba; they continued invincible to the middle of the seventeenth century.

The glory of the country and the nation, however, declined most rapidly. Portugal, whilst united with Spain, could give no strength to the declining sister-kingdom; and severed from it, increased its weakness. The two Indies, the impolitic expulsion of the Moors, had robbed Spain of millions of industrious citizens; in the incessant Italian and Burgundian wars the noblest youths had fallen, and sneaking despots and priests, by encouraging indolence, and supporting the dreaded power of the Inquisition, prevented the rise of a better

generation. The lofty spirit of the nation degenerated into indifference and apathy; while the arts and the ancient splendour of the Spanish name became gradually extinct. Although commanding the treasures of Peru, Spain at last became poor in gold, in industry, in men, and in power; and this state remains to the present day. All Europe was repeatedly obliged to unite for preserving to Spain the immense inheritance bequeathed to her posterity by Charles V.—that Charles who had made all Europe tremble at the mere sound of the Spanish name. The Bourbons ascended the throne, and many beautiful provinces were severed from the mother-country. But this was no real loss, for Spain can recover youthful vigour only through itself; the possession of distant provinces can only increase her infirmities. Her modern kings have ruled, similar to their predecessors, like indolent, voluptuous weaklings of an oriental seraglio. It was for this reason that Spain during the whole of last century had scarcely any other but adventurer-ministers, from Alberoni to the Prince of Peace, who rose and fell like Grand-Viziers. Thus has this brave nation, within the last two centuries and a half, sunk within itself, like a cloud-capped mountain drawn down again into the abyss by the volcano that raised it. It performs less than it could: a proof that it's governors are not good for much. We have witnessed the late events. A nation consisting of a population of eleven millions, now suffers itself to be taxed by the French, paying tribute to them,

and engaging in wars in which it has no national concern, although kind nature has separated the two nations by a stupendous chain of mountains. If in these days the spirit of the ancient Cantabrians and Celtiberians were not extinct, the French would perhaps have crossed the Pyreness; but surely not one of them would have returned. Yet the time of redemption will come, nor is it distant. All America will become free; and SPAIN WILL BE OBLIGED TO RECOVER LIFE AND STRENGTH BY HER OWN EXERTION, AND FLOURISH MORE GLORIOUSLY ON THAT ACCOUNT. PORTUGAL WILL REMAIN IN A STATE OF SERVITUDE, AS IT DESERVES; FOR, SEPARATED FROM SPAIN, IT IS A WEN ON A SOUND BODY. THE PRIESTS WILL BE STRIPPED OF THEIR GLORY, AND THE KINGS OF THEIR THRONE, IF THEY WILL NOT TAKE THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HELM IN THEIR OWN HANDS. THEN THE SPANIARDS WILL AGAIN BECOME WHAT THEY ONCE WERE, ONE OF THE MOST ADMIRABLE AND POWERFUL NATIONS IN EUROPE.

The peninsula of Spain, which, together with the islands, contains near fourteen millions of inhabitants on a surface of about 150,000 square miles, and at one period had a population of more than twenty millions, is the most favoured country in Europe. The indus-

try and valour of its inhabitants once made it a paradise, and it can again become one. How greatly is it favoured by nature, and how valuable were the treasures of which it was despoiled by a weak and priest-ridden government!—It was the Ophir of the ancient world; and there is yet abundance of gold and other precious ores within the bowels of its mountains; the hills and dales, which are now dreary deserts, were once covered with wheat and rice. The vine, the sugar-cane, the palm-tree, the olive-tree and the fig-tree, the almond and the orange-tree, are here indigenous. Peculiar to Spain, are her millions of wandering sheep, by means of which she might render all Europe tributary. The Spanish horses are excellent, equally fitted for the plough and for war. The peninsula at the same time abounds in fish; in spartum, for ropes, rigging, and sails; in salt, crystallised by the sun from the sea; in fish and game. Its situation qualifies it peculiarly for trade, and for the dominion of the seas. What an astonishing wealth! What enviable advantages, totally withheld from many countries, and by few possessed in such abundance!

The face of nature is luxuriant and smiling; yet there is diffused over it some portion of oriental spirit, a perceptible fulness of strength, tempered by gravity, which mildly covers the vigorous vital spark. The Spaniards are the most southern of all Europeans, and their country alone could give them what the Moors

have not given them, although it is commonly believed that they had improved their talents and refined the nation. If you trace back for two thousand years the physical and intellectual character of the Spanish nation, you will find that it ever was invariably the same. Where the Spaniards are not degenerated, there you will discover tall, slender, and nervous bodies, agile and strong at the same time. Their free and serious physiognomy displays a broad and lofty forehead, large black and sparkling eyes, a beautiful nose, and manly lips, with a lion's chin. Their complexion is dark, but the women of the better classes in some parts are extremely beautiful. The Spaniards in general, in their character, exhibit a happy medium between levity and heaviness, which distinguishes the noblest race of men, to be produced only in climates as highly favoured as theirs: a most charming mixture of ardour and seriousness, of grandeur and amiableness. It is from this cause that Spain has produced the greatest excellencies which modern refinement could create. The nation could degenerate, but it has not become contemptible. All Europe must do justice to the honourable principles displayed by the Spaniards in social transactions, and in politics. They are still the ancient Iberians. The spirit of chivalry, and its romantic enthusiasm, have indeed disappeared, but bravery and probity still distinguish the nation. The piety which formerly characterised the Spaniards, has been superseded by superstition; priestcraft and oppression have engendered

indolence and poverty, but they could never stigmatize the Spaniards as a nation of banditti. Let them be *roused* from their lethargy—let them be governed by a king who knows *how* to rule, and *how* to break the chains in which they are held by foreigners, and you will see what they can achieve. And this noble nation, should be totally and irrecoverably reduced? Spaniards should become slaves of the French, and crow and skip like them, as many seem to wish, imagining that all higher refinement, of which the present generation stands in need, must be imported from the banks of the Seine?

The Spaniards are Europe's true knights; the French only *pretend* that they are. Europe cannot spare her knights; for we cannot give up the hope, that a system of ardour and delight will again spring up from the chaotic state in which we at present are. The deliverers of Europe ever came from the north, but her improvers were furnished by the south. Northern greatness approximates to southern sublimity. May both be connected by invisible ties, and may they be continually drawn more closely together, and the intermediate nations shall behold the fulness of justice, beauty, and moral improvement, and Europe, which so long has childishly stained itself with blood, shall jointly improve in humanity.

Sweden.

THERE was a period when the Swedes were in possession of all the strength and energy of the north, and we may expect that they will recover their ancient tenure. Their national character is still what it formerly was, and their climate and country do not permit them to degenerate. Lofty, like their mountains; towering, like their Alps; powerful, like their streams and cataracts; conscious of energy, and of the enjoyment of liberty, does that brave nation appear to the observer's eye. Would you know what men Sweden can produce, you need not consult the annals of the fabulous age: in Smaland and Dalarne, in Warmeland and Jemtland, you will find hundreds and thousands, each of whom with his Herculean arm could, giant-like, crush five, nay ten men of ordinary size and strength. Valour, probity, and love of liberty are here immortal; and it is only by means of these virtues that man can rule with dignity. Our cotemporaries,

measuring every thing by the size and weight of its bulk, imagine that a certain neighbouring nation, if it chose, could easily subdue all the north; but those neighbours themselves are not of this opinion, for they *know* the Swedes. Sweden is at the same time as powerfully protected by her situation, as by national valour and patriotism. Let an hundred thousand invaders effect a descent on the Swedish shores, and occupy posts that can be easily seized, if they be unattended by a fleet, not one of them will return home to convey the tidings of their destruction. This nation cannot be destroyed, neither must it be destroyed. The improvers of the human race ever came from the south, but thence also issued its despoilers; whereas it was from the north that her avengers and deliverers proceeded. If all Europe should be ruined by weakness, cowardice, and despotism; if every part of it should be reduced under the controul of cunning and tyranny; if in all Europe not a single voice should dare to defend the cause of liberty and truth, and not one sword be drawn for their protection, yet the forests and mountains of Scandinavia will continue inhabited by a free race of men, who will chastise and deliver the afflicted and debased world. Dominion and victory will issue from thence, and the cowards will tremble and yield to the yoke of servitude. Ye miserable wretches, who calculate the dignity and glory of princes and nations only by numbers, will you never stand corrected by the examples and recollections of former

times?—Listen to what I am going to say, and blush! Countless multitudes have frequently devastated the earth and ruined nations, whilst small bands, composed of valiant men, have more frequently saved mankind from destruction.

Russia.

RUSSIA rules over nearly more than one half of Europe; and, if we pursue the vast extent of her dominions beyond the chain of the Ural mountains, and comprehend within our view Kamtschatka and the Aleutian islands beyond the north of Asia, then Europe, compared with it, is like a small speck in a boundless ocean. There are, however, various measures to compute greatness; and more than one European nation, were it to concentrate its power, would have nothing to fear from that huge Colossus; and if we comprehend in our account the merits and labours of a nation for the good of the whole human race, then many a petty nation, occupying a surface of only a few thousand square miles, weighs as heavy in the balance as the Russians. They are yet far from being what they one time may be with respect to North-Asia. But we will indulge them with the name of the *great nation*, claimed by them with as much

right as by the French, for they have bravely fought for some centuries, and most adroitly rounded their frontiers.

The Russians, like most nations, are indebted to incidental causes for their dominion in the east of Europe. Finns, Slavonians, and Eshonians, together with a variety of other tribes, roved the vast regions from the Neva to the Dniester and the Bug. Waragians came amongst them, and united them into one nation: Slavonian manners, and the Slavonian dialect, gaining however ascendancy, perhaps because the country round Kiew, the residence, happened to be settled by a majority of Slavonians, or because the Waragians were not numerous enough in proportion to the collective body, composed of various nations, to Germanize the whole mass. After the third generation, every thing amongst them, even the names of their princes became entirely Slavonian. The Russian nation soon rendered itself dreaded, and Constantinople repeatedly trembled at its hosts, whom it, however, finally bridled and humanized by means of the introduction of the christian religion. One hundred and fifty years after Rurik, the Swedish founder of the nation, the dreadful monarchy, after the death of Wladimer the Great, became a weak poliarchy. The Russians were more unfortunate than the other European nations. The numerous swarm of Mongolians in the twelfth century, put in motion by Dschingis

Khan in the thirteenth century, extended their migration also towards the west. No great monarchy checking the incursion of those Asiatic barbarians, they extended their furious invasion even to the frontiers of Germany. The Polish and Hungarian princes were kept in a state of vassalage for some decenniums, but those of Russia for some centuries. Yet, even under the pressure of the Mongolian yoke, the petty principalities formed by Wladimir were again united; and in the latter half of the fifteenth century Ivan Wasiljewitch, surnamed the Victorious, but also the Dreadful, became the deliverer and restorer of the nation. The Russian name was again heard in Europe; and notwithstanding its repeated contests with the Asiatic barbarians, the nation, under Ivan's second successor, penetrated beyond the Irtisch and Jenisei, and the Russians began to gain dominion in North-Asia. They also attempted to penetrate towards the shores of the Baltic; but it now appeared how far the other European nations surpassed them in culture. Small detachments of the Teutonic knights in Livonia, small troops of brave Swedes in Finland, and on the banks of the Neva, struck terror into the conquerors of the Mongolians; and even on the first display of their newly-recovered political existence, they were incapable of pursuing their warlike career; the Swedes, being led by great kings and generals, made themselves masters of the Baltic. At length Peter the Great appeared, and a new epoch began.

No history has been more awkwardly treated than that of Peter, and of his great cotemporary Charles XII. The subtle and versatile Voltaire, who, however, occasionally stooped to flatter the greatest villains, and to be subservient to them, at one time espousing the cause of John Calas, and at another demeaning himself to fawn upon a Richilieu and a Pompadour—those scourges of France and Germany, was incapable of appreciating what is great and sublime in the fate of man. He had eyes to see, and could laugh and scourge, when he discovered cunning and art, when prudence seemed to avail itself of rooted prejudices and inveterate superstition, when a depraved age appeared before him displaying silliness and weakness. He was to gain honour and gold by writing Peter's history; and this alone was sufficient to have dazzled his eyes, even if they had been capable of contemplating Peter's greatness. He finished his task without labour, Frenchman-like, and that great man was exhibited by him the most ridiculous and silly caricature that has ever been beheld. What was great in the character of his hero, has been depreciated by him, whilst he in vain laboured to expunge the traits of the savage barbarian.

Appreciating the misrepresentations of Peter's historiographers as they deserve, and considering the vigorous life of the animated world as something indispensable, we cannot but behold in him the repre-

representative of the nation, whose second creator he was, rising and falling in consequence of his peculiar disposition, and according to the laws of eternal fate. Why should we represent the savage amiable, the insensible despot sentimental, and the inexorable tyrant compassionate? Peter never was any thing else but an extraordinary and gigantic barbarian, possessing all the virtues and vices of an uncommon genius in sublime barbarity. It was only the dreadful perseverance which was united with this character, together with a despotic exertion of his physical and intellectual superiority over his subjects, and his harmonizing with them both in appearance and sentiments, that enabled him to execute his gigantic design. Voltaire's Peter, with his humanity and love of justice, would not have been able to make much of the Russians, as he found them. No man, however great and powerful he may be, can perform any thing great as a ruler and general, if his transactions do not palpably assimilate to the manners, nay, to the feelings common to the nation which he governs. Prudence, cunning, and intellectual superiority alone are not sufficient to put in action all the energies of ordinary men, whom we wish to make subservient to our designs; this can be effected only by means of something visible, of something physical, acting as directly as the life and power which support it, upon the subordinate agents that are to be set in motion; this alone kindles the flame of enthusiasm, this alone strikes terror into the multitude, and leads

to victory. Peter was like his nation, but he appeared the greatest of all Russians, and this enabled him to lord over and to coerce them. Other sovereigns have made like attempts, but being unequal to the execution of their hazardous designs, they paid for them with contempt, nay, with their lives. Notwithstanding all the information and knowledge which Peter laboriously gathered, he remained a barbarian; he never acquired refinement, and if he had acquired it, he would have proved too great for his nation and age, and, together with many others, have disappeared from the stage deedless, and unnoticed by the historic muse. A man who could sabre the Streltzi, behead his son, immure his wives in cloisters, and raise his concubines upon the throne, could not but possess the energy required for making *Europeans* of the Russians, who in manners, arts, and mode of life were still half Mongolian and half Oriental. Even the little incidents occurring in his family and at his table, his *gracious* executions, entirely characterize the barbarian; for, incipient culture as precipitately acquired as his, is very apt to assume a strong tinge of singularity and ridiculousness. The little anecdotes related of him, and in which he is represented as having delighted in drawing the teeth, plucking the beards, pulling the nose, and boxing the ears of his courtiers, therefore exhibit an exact picture of the man, and of the manner in which he was polished. Tameless cannot in the first generation be ingrafted upon raw nature: but, was not

that man frequently as good and gentle as a child, and as patient and rational as few kings are? He surely was; but this is no contradiction, this being the case of natural and unpolished men of all ages and nations. The Cossack, the Tartarian, apparently incapable of giving offence even to a child, notwithstanding his frank, open, and humane countenance, and his infantine sense of kindness, when the charge for battle is sounded, and his wrath begins to kindle, is like a ferocious tiger, firing the hut of the innocent countryman, and cutting down people with whom he had been just conversing with the utmost good nature and familiarity; he is thoughtless, and neither does good nor evil from such motives as we are apt to attribute to him.

Peter, that august barbarian, early comprehended that he ruled over an half-savage, despised, and politically insignificant nation; and he early formed in his great mind the design to effect a total reform, and to render the Russian name respected in Europe. He prepared himself for that arduous task with a zeal and perseverance which deservedly excited general admiration. His travels are notorious, and every one not totally ignorant of modern history knows how that king of a savage people became the pupil of polished nations. Enriched with a variety of practical knowledge, and constantly keeping in view the great design which he intended to execute, he commenced the Her-

culean task. The first step he took for that purpose, was to make himself absolute, and to destroy the power of the Streltzi, that long-dreaded body guard of the Russian rulers, together with the controlling authority of the priesthood. Having accomplished this difficult work, he began the great reform, persevering in the difficult enterprise, notwithstanding the numerous vicissitudes he had to sustain in war as in peace, to the end of his life. Like Philip the Macedonian, he was well aware that without navigation the Russians would ever remain barbarians. Two seas, by means of which the Russians could be brought in contact with the polished world, and participate in the advantages of trade and refinement, presented themselves to his view:—the Black Sea, bordered by beautiful countries, in the south, and the Baltic in the north. In the south, the contest which he had to encounter, would have been easiest and least dangerous; however, the Black Sea promised only a communication with Asia and Turkey. Peter was desirous of making *Europeans* of his Russians, and the Baltic offered the most direct road to Europe and its refinement. His long and sanguinary conflict with the great King of Sweden is generally known; but it has been undeservedly censured by little minds. All the great virtues that ennoble great minds—prudence, valour, boldness, generosity, and patience, were here brought into action; fate declared against Charles, and only his death secured to Peter the dominion of the Baltic, Petersburg remaining the

northernmost royal residence of Europe. Peter had created armies and fleets, had taught his subjects to navigate the sea, built towns and fortresses, formed roads, and dug canals, when death surprised him in the execution of great designs. His century denominated him "the Great."

He was an uncommon phenomenon, born to achieve great things, full of energy, and amply endowed with sound sense; but his life was too short to permit him to bring to maturity all that he had begun. Frederic II. of Prussia, in his posthumous works, confidently mentions a plan as unique as the man who conceived it. He says (*Œuv. Posth.* T. I. p. 67) "Peter had formed a plan which no prince before him had conceived. Whilst conquerors only labour to enlarge their frontiers, he meditated to contract the boundaries of his dominions, because his states, in proportion to their vast extent, were too thinly peopled. Between Petersburg, Moskaw, Casan, and the Ukraine, he intended to collect the twelve millions of people who were dispersed over a boundless surface, and carefully to people and cultivate that part of his dominions which would have been rendered easily defensive by means of the deserts with which it is surrounded, and which would have separated it from the Persians, Turks, and Tartarians. This plan, like many more, was frustrated by the death of that great man."

The forty years from the death of Peter to the ascension of Catharine of Anhalt were made an unfortunate period to the Russians through their rulers. Menzikof's despotism, the fatal designs of the Dolgorukis, Biron's follies and cruelties, the luxury and levity which prevailed in Elizabeth's reign, sanguinary wars commenced without a justifiable cause, the continual change of favourites, and the profligacy that prevailed at her courts threatened to reduce the nation from the rank to which it had been raised, through Peter's genius and perseverance. She was not reduced as she deserved, for she had no powerful antagonist to contend with; nay, Peter had rendered the political machine so durable and powerful, that no obstacles could stop its motion. Catherine ascended the throne, and vigorously maintained it amidst dangers, rebellions, and victories; amidst incessant labours, and the most romantic designs of ambition. She died admired and cursed, the fate of most great mortals, and left the Russian state in a giant-size that must make even Russians tremble. Never did a woman in the most critical situations so artfully, vigorously, and arbitrarily rule; nor has the consistency of female cunning, blended with manly courage ever been carried to greater extent than by her. Kindness and amiableness, rigour and cruelty, strength and weakness were in that great woman so artfully combined, that all were ruled by her with absolute sway, though many imagined to possess dominion over her. Even justice, mental illumination,

and the semblance of imperial favour with which she artfully imposed upon men of all ranks, were by her dexterously made subservient to the prompt attainment of her purpose. She contrived to shroud herself from the scrutinizing eyes of her cotemporaries in misty clouds, which are not yet entirely dispelled; but the lightning of her greatness flashed through the imposing vapour, and the observer was at once dazzled and deceived. Now is the age of Alexander the Good:—the hopes of many are centered in him; *but I am silent!*

We are seized with giddiness, when we survey the extensive limits of the vast Russian empire. The Crimea, Tartary, the greater part of Poland having been within these last twenty years added to a state which already to Peter appeared too large, and which even now on an immense surface contains no more than forty millions of inhabitants. Ambitious desire of conquest, and the weakness of neighbouring nations, has already tempted the Russian monarch to push his armies beyond the Caucasus; the Petersburg Gazette informing us of victories gained over the Persians. The monarch still rules absolute, and possessing powerful means, he is capable of producing astonishing effects by putting in motion an enormous mass. According to a calculation which appears pretty correct, each square mile of the vast Russian empire contains no more than one hundred and thirty inhabitants; there is, consequently, ample space for each individual,

and the raw products of the forests, of the animal and mineral kingdoms, must be by far more abundant than is requisite for so small a number, not mentioning the produce of agriculture and grazing. Hence there exists no nation that can be more easily armed, no nation that is more difficult to be attacked, and that possesses such a vast superiority of traffic as the Russians. At present there is none more secure, nor more dangerous to its neighbours. But is it to be reasonably expected that this state will be lasting? Will the Russians keep equal pace with the other European nations in the development of their national strength, and in intellectual improvement, as Peter desired?

Peter the Great did as much as he possibly could for the advancement of his subjects; but the greatest of mortals cannot prevail over insurmountable physical obstacles. Russia has the most disadvantageous situations of all European countries. Granting even that the part of Poland, which at present is united with the Russian empire, will for ever remain annexed to it, yet it must be allowed that the country, in proportion to its vast extent, has too little sea, and consequently cannot easily cultivate an intimate intercourse with foreign nations, and must find it extremely difficult to participate in their intellectual improvement. The Icy Sea is almost inaccessible to the navigator; the Baltic and the Black Sea are too far remote from the central provinces. There are, indeed, large rivers that

connect the interior parts with the Black Sea; but **RUSSIA'S POLITICAL DEATH WILL BE INEVITABLE, AS SOON AS SHE SHALL ATTEMPT THE POSSESSION OF THE DARDANELLES.**

But the greatest and most insurmountable obstacles result from the nature of the country, which in the north and east do not admit of the cultivation of which the remainder of Europe is capable. The Ural, and the countries by which it is bordered, will ever be the region of intellectual death; never will it exhibit social activity, nor a brisk attrition of powers; and we know from experience that both individuals and whole nations must be kept in motion by continual pressure from without, if they are not to sink into lethargy. The limits of Russia are by far too extensive:—she will perhaps enlarge them farther still, and extend her sway to more distant regions, but each progressive step will be a step nearer to political death. The conquest of Constantinople and of Asia-Minor by the Russians, which is possible, though not easy, could not but enfeeble the present Russia. But it is scarcely possible that she should be capable of preserving her present limits, if the circumstances of the times should change, and an increase of population and aspiring activity take place. The number of original Russian tribes is stated differently, from twelve to fifteen millions, the remaining subjects being composed of a great variety of nations, obeying one sceptre, but essentially differing from each other in manners, habits,

religion, and national propensities. The majority of this heterogeneous mass do indeed speak the Russian language, but very few have as yet become Russians. But is it to be expected that the language and power of the dominant people will continue to prevail, and that those vassal nations, serving their masters from long habit, when once roused from their apathy, will remain obsequious slaves?—Russia has really to apprehend more of future unavoidable changes, than other nations have to fear of herself.

As for intellectual improvement, the first and wisest in the nation do indeed urge it with the most vigorous zeal; but the improvement of the understanding cannot be effected by incidental coercion, the nature of the soul requiring that it should rise up from a freer germ. In this too there are infinite obstacles to be overcome. I will not now inquire whether there be not also mental impediments, only requesting my readers to weigh the following remarks:

First, the country, though not altogether as uncongenial as some imagine, possesses few of those beauties and natural charms with which Italy, France, Germany, and even the other northern countries of Europe are blessed. It is not indeed ungrateful to human industry, and in some provinces fertile, but in most parts wanting the lofty mountains and lovely hills of those happier nations. The southern districts do

indeed abound in luxuriant plains, and the vine and other fruit trees thrive along the borders of the Black and Caspian Seas; but these parts also abound in barren heaths and extensive deserts. Add to this the deserts and the uncongenial rigour of the higher north, and you will behold a boundless, shapeless plain, whilst the cloud-capped mountain, the forest torrents, and the bold coasts of Scandinavia, encourage man to boldness, and kindle the sacred flame of liberty. Whence should boldness and a cheerful spirit spring in those inhospitable and cheerless tracts? The dreadful seclusion from the polished part of society, the difficulty of communicating with it, will never admit of the vital flame being kindled as bright and instantaneously as in the centre of Europe; nor will the sacred life-blood of enthusiasm be capable of circulating as briskly there as here. Moreover, servitude, which is deeply rooted in Russia—here is a gordian-knot as yet unsolved by history. Generous nations have frequently become servile and debased; but there is scarcely an instance of a slavish nation having become generous, free, high-aspiring in works and deeds. I am not an advocate for that inhuman system of the specific difference inherent in various human races; yet who can deny that certain nations by birth and organization are nobler than others? What incidental causes contributed to give to this or that nation, already in its savage state, a more aspiring or a meaner disposition?—This is a point that can be

traced only in a few nations. The variety too of the numerous nations who now collectively bear the name of Russians, cannot but retard and greatly obstruct their improvement as a nation.

To judge of the *character* of a nation is extremely difficult: the Russians, however, cannot complain of injustice, if we do not number them among the noblest nations in Europe. It is clear, already, from the manner in which they became a people, that they are not. No harm may result from the accidental consolidation of two or three nations into one; yet it cannot be proved from history, that ever a great and excellent nation was formed by the conflux and union of twenty or thirty different nations, whilst there are many instances on record which clearly prove that noble nations have degenerated by such a mixture of heterogeneous parts. What became of the Romans, what of the Byzantines, when an hundred different nations intermixed in their capitals? Why are the inhabitants of borders, where three or four different nations communicate, interchanging dialect, manners, and customs, commonly a roguish, treacherous, and mean set. Already the ancient Scandinavians, the conquerors of the country, coerced a mass of five or six nations into that one which afterwards was known by the name of Russians; and, when in later times the Mongolian tribes burst forth, what an ugly, despicable set of beings did then overwhelm the nation, or, rather, what a

deluge of nations, which they carried along with them from the remotest east, did inundate the country ! Whoever will not believe that a large portion of their blood has remained in Russia, and intermixed with the tribes who originally inhabited the country, must be equally unacquainted with physiognomy and history. The Russians are still denominated Slavonians, and the ancient language has been preserved ; but, according to the accounts of all travellers, and by my own observations, the Poles, Slavonians, Croates, Bohemians, and Cassubians, who have not intermixed so largely with foreign nations, are a much more nervous and seemly set of men than the Russians. It cannot, however, escape the eye of the observer, that the inhabitants of little Russia, down to the Ukraine, are strikingly distinguished by a better shape and physiognomy, and by greater physical vigour. This was anciently the western frontier, where the Asiatic tribes did not stay as long as in the centre and in the east.

Frederic II. judges very severely of the Russians. He says, " The character of the Russians is a medley of mistrust and cunning : they are indolent though selfish, possessing great talents for imitation, but none for invention." This is often the *appearance* of the character of barbarians, who are believed to be farther advanced than they really are ; and the king's remark is more applicable to such as slavishly submit to the yoke imposed by tyrants. What was not ori-

ginally in man, becomes innate by means of custom, continued from century to century, and a nation gradually acquires a spirit which is not naturally in man. The dog is said to have originally been a free and ferocious wolf, whereas it now is servile and tame, never fawning more assiduously than when he has received blows. I have seen many Russians of the lower classes, and in the countenances of the majority remarked a kind of languor and apathy which evidently bespeaks a deficiency of natural energy. The impressions of a lofty mind, and of an independent spirit might have been expunged from the physiognomy by a long continued state of servitude, and the English, German, and Spanish nations too may assume a servile mien; but in the Russian all is mean, and neglected by nature. He is commonly distinguished by a globular and small head, rarely having a lofty forehead; his eyes are little, the nose is pinched, the mouth pretty, but without fulness, as is also the chin. The body is round and tapering from the shoulders to the toes, light and agile, rarely nervous and athletic. The Russians are hardened and expert in bodily exertion, but in general destitute of natural pith. They are generally allowed to dance, leap, fence, and exercise most charmingly, but they never *stand* in a manner commanding fear and submission; whereas the Swede is evidently more solidly conformed. The Swedes are physically what they can be, whereas the Russians must greatly improve before they attain to a state of

perfection. Neither do intellectual appearances refute the opinion of the King of Prussia. The nation really possesses great talents, surpassing all other Europeans in a facility of copying and learning. But he that so easily learns of others, proves that he has no great talents of his own. It is astonishing with what facility the Russian learns languages the most foreign to his ear, acquiring the most minute distinctions of sense and sounds. In active life the Russians display the most astonishing cunning and dexterity, if they have but obtained the slightest polish. This extends with wonderful animation, even to the play of the muscles of the face, and of the whole body, the pantomimic skill of the common Russian being really astonishing; whilst this talent is never perceived in a Swedish or a German peasant. The characteristic marks of cunning and artfulness are particularly perceptible in the eyes of a Russian. The circumspection and art of the Russian cabinet, ministers, ambassadors, and generals, were notorious since the reign of Peter the Great, especially whilst Catharine occupied the throne.

Frederic also denies that the Russians have any talent for invention. It is hard to maintain that a nation does not possess genius, because it has not as yet displayed any conspicuous symptoms of it; though it is rather singular that Russia, from the time of Peter the Great to the present day, in the course of great

revolutions, has not produced a single really great and eminent character whose name deserves to be recorded in the pages of history. Good-nature and bravery are to be found everywhere on the globe; and we could not but despise the human race, were we to think otherwise. The nation undoubtedly possesses some portion of courage and bravery; and where these exist, there must also be susceptibility for all other virtues. A long continuance of a state of servitude, which cannot as yet be entirely abolished, could not but engender many bad qualities; climatic and other incidental effects of various kinds likewise have contributed much to retard the national improvement in Russia.

Germany & Austria.

THE political strength of Germany has been decreasing ever since the fall of the imperial family of Hohenstaufen. The powerful families who could have ruled and bridled the princes and cities, and inured them to obedience, had become partly extinct, and partly fallen into decay. This, amongst others, was the fate of the Salic princes, of the Welfs, and of the family of Hohenstaufen. A great number of petty princes, and of large cities, powerful enough to defend themselves, and too weak to subjugate others, or to keep them in submission, ruled together in complete independence. The attempts made by the princes of the families of Habsburg and Luxemburg to gain ascendancy miscarried; and when at length in the sixteenth century the house of Habsburg became powerful, it was too late to unite the Germans into one nation, and into one state.

Ever since Germany, at the close of the twelfth century, had obtained its present boundaries, and the neighbouring states had obtained some regular form, it has not been coerced by the genius of some great man, or by common calamity, to unite into one nation. The Mongolians came no farther than the frontiers of Germany, disappearing after a few battles to inflict additional distress upon the Poles, Hungarians, and Russians. The different tribes of the great German nation were at first ruled by their chiefs and dukes, and frequently very slightly connected as a nation, especially when the regent happened to be weak, more frequently living in a state of hostility, and ever viewing one another with jealous eyes. This was decidedly the case with the northern Saxons and the southern Franks and Allemanni: perhaps the baneful consequence engendered through the sanguinary baptisms of Charles the Great. This jealousy by degrees wore off, when the stadtholders and counts became princes in their own right, and the different nations were impelled neither by interest nor vanity to see an emperor chosen from among themselves. But indifference (for more it never was) does not admit of fraternal union, nor of national spirit. When the original national tribes became more distanced from each other, the more difficult was it for the new-Germanized nations to be inspired with a due sense of the necessity of their being united in sentiments and interest; and in the latter centuries, the season for

bringing about such a beneficial communion had entirely passed. The countries north of the Elbe, along the Oder and the Giant's Mountains, were inhabited by Slavonians, who, after a long and obstinate contest, were either extirpated or subjugated. German settlers and masters introduced German manners and the German language, and the remains of the oppressed nation were, after the lapse of some centuries, united into one nation. But this produced in the north quite a different spirit and disposition, contrasting not only climatically, but nationally with that in the south of Germany, so much so that no one having seen only the north of Germany as far as Magdeburg or Dresden, can form a just idea of the real character of the Germans.

The Germans are commonly believed to have been more favourable to a federative republic than the other Teutonic nations, and it is conjectured that this had produced that singular thing of a constitution which now makes such a *ridiculous and lamentable figure*. I do not see why this should have been the necessary consequence. The Teutonic nations from the seventh to the eleventh century, were animated with much the same spirit, nor was there any palpable difference in their national development; but different causes must produce different effects. Incidental, but not altogether nationally necessary were many of the civil and political measures of the European nations. Italy first diverted the cen-

tral power of dominion from Germany, and the Popes at Rome being harassed by the Roman imperators, they harassed them in return in Germany. In no state they contended so artfully and obstinately against the government as in Germany, for there they contended for their very existence. Had the emperors of the Saxon, Salic, and Hohenstaufen dynasties bestowed upon Germany the exertions and labours which they vainly employed for the subjugation of Italy, Germany would now be *one* powerful monarchy instead of being divided into many; nay, had only *one* of those dynasties ruled for some centuries, the great state officers of the empire would never have become great princes. These causes were merely incidental, not always national; and we need not hesitate to maintain that in other countries occupied by Teutonic nations similar causes would have produced similar effects. The situation of Italy was more like that of Germany than the situation of any other country, and there the same state of things prevailed. But it was chiefly owing to a total freedom from external pressure, that here no political unity of power took place. Attacks by foreign nations necessarily produced unity in the other Germanic states, where the magnates and barons were as strongly disposed as those in Germany and Italy to establish poliarchy. France would, perhaps, have had the same fate as Germany, had not the dynasty of the Capets occupied the throne so long, and the dukes of Normandy ascended that of England. The danger of subjugation

threatened by powerful neighbours compelled the people to unanimity, and inspiring common hatred of a third, inspired brotherly sentiments. The Moors united the Spaniards; and the Britons were fully occupied by the Scotch and French, insomuch that divisions would have effected inevitable ruin. When these terrors and dangers were past, the epoch of kings began, and the season propitious to the establishment of new princes and of republics was gone by for ever. But Germany was from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century totally free from danger and contest, and was never necessitated to collect the entire power of the state for the purpose of opposing external enemies. Moreover, commerce, manufactories, and wealth, which were wanting in the other European countries, contributed powerfully in those half-barbarous times to inspire both the Germans and Italians with an overbearing spirit of liberty and independence. The powerful cities were equally formidable to the emperor and the princes, determined, as it seemed, to prevent either party from gaining a decided ascendancy. Had they assisted the princes and barons in their distress, as was the case in France, and for some time in England, they might have proved the means of reducing the princes, and of establishing *one* great lord in the room of many petty sovereigns.

Thus the German power was divided:—there was no external impulse to enforce their union; the emperors, since the twelfth century, were too weak to attempt

successfully what appeared impossible; many parts of the extensive state had scarcely become German in language, and never became so in spirit; the different tribes, dialects, and constitutions, at the same time, were in direct opposition to each other, continually enlarging the chasm. But Germany was at that period more prosperous and flourishing than most European states. It had the feudal system in common with all Europe, but not a single continued national calamity; no sanguinary general war, except the furious contest excited by the Hussites, disturbing the peace of the empire. The German princes, indeed, were poor and impotent; but the splendour and wealth of the cities were the more conspicuous. Italy at that time commanded the trade of Asia and Africa, and all the treasures of the East were carried through Germany to the northern and western countries of Europe. This gave rise to a great number of imperial republics on the Danube, the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Baltic. The confederations formed by the Swabian, Rhenish, and Hanseatic cities were more powerful and domineering than the emperor and the princes; nay, many a city which cannot now muster a thousand armed men, frequently opposed singly, and successfully, several princes. An independent and active spirit of industry, justice, and art, arose in these free cities in the south of Germany, in the Netherlands, and on the Baltic. The best and fairest fruits of German refinement were produced in these cities. The splendour and wealth of the cities,

the number and valour of the German warriors, were famous all over Europe. The portly bodies of the Swiss, and of the lance-bearers, astonished the inhabitants of the ultra-montane countries, and they were crowned with victory whenever they appeared on the field of battle. Even in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Italian and French historians speak with admiration of the splendour of the German cities, of their liberty, their wealth, and of the number and valour of their inhabitants. They call Germany the invincible country, where each man is a dreadful warrior, and where, as Æneas Sylvius and the younger Macchiavelli inform us, an hundred thousand slain are quickly replaced by an equal number, displaying yet greater courage. This was partly true, and in some part it was an obscure historical opinion, transmitted from century to century, that all invading Germanic swarms had burst forth from that inexhaustible country. It was also notorious, that innumerable hosts of Teutonic warriors had repeatedly crossed the Alps and the Rhine, carrying every thing before them, whilst the boundaries of Germany at the same time were believed to be much more extensive than they actually were. The real and imaginary dominions of the German rulers did indeed extend from the Saone and the Arno to the Persante and Neva, and the sovereign himself contributed to make the nation appear greater than it actually was, his title *Imperator Romanorum* reflecting a certain glory of unknown

majesty upon it, as is the case with all names that at one period inspired awe. That title was commonly accompanied with an obscure idea of a claim to universal dominion, and even the most powerful kings acknowledged its superiority. Nor can it be denied, that Germany, whilst the other great European states were yet divided and engaged in mutual contests, really was the most powerful country. But the last weak ties which still had preserved an appearance of common power and strength, were dissolved in the same proportion in which the other states attained a greater degree of energy, and became more closely united. At last the dreadful Colossus was overturned, and any one might trample upon it, and with impunity strike off a piece, as he chose. The terror and awe which it had inspired whilst standing erect were gradually forgotten.

An entirely new political epoch commenced with the reformation, which greatly contributed still more to divide the strength of Germany. Fear of the Turks, and the increasing power of the Habsburg dynasty, however, contributed in some degree to preserve the weak ties by which the whole was still connected. The ambition of the emperors of the house of Habsburg being immoderate, they wanted to grasp too much at once, and therefore kept hold of nothing they had seized. Notwithstanding, Germany would at last have been compelled to yield to their rapacity

and thirst after dominion, had the sons possessed the talents of their progenitors; but mediocrity has long been the lot of the Austrian princes, whose energy, moreover, was paralyzed by the domineering machinations of confessors and Jesuitical counsellors. A folio volume might be filled with the long catalogue of injuries committed in Austria by the Jesuits. To them were owing the continual dissensions and jealousies that divided the rulers and the nation for more than a century and a half. These bred the princes to become superstitious, bigotted, and priest-ridden emperors, and made them lay hold of the scapulier when they should have grasped the sword. It is incalculable what might have been performed by princes blending moderation with energy, and possessing the love of their subjects; but the rulers themselves cut asunder the sinews of their strength. Ferdinand II. is a striking instance of the truth of this remark. Gifted as he was with excellent talents, he might have effected great things, if he had not been educated by priests. The bigotted Leopold I. ruined the state through his priests, who kept the Protestants in Hungaria in continual rebellion. Thus was it that the sovereigns themselves destroyed what brave generals had gained. The thirty-years' war proved to all Europe the extreme weakness of the German empire. That calamitous war destroyed the last remains of the ancient prosperous state of the empire, and ruined numerous families, together with their estates. The cities and the confederations in

which they were united had been decaying for more than a century. Many of them had been reduced under the dominion of the princes, and the rest declined by degrees: the discovery of the road round Cape Horn to the East Indies, and of America, together with the policy of the northern European nations, had deprived Italy and Germany of their commercial preponderance. Foreign nations now decided the future state of the Germans, influencing the delineation of their fundamental laws, the preservation of which was guaranteed by them, lest one prince should, by dint of intrigues and power, usurp the dominion over all Germany. The great king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, through his victories saved the intellectual refinement of Europe from Jesuitic monachism and barbarism.

Sweden and France were the principal arbiters of the fate of Germany, Austria appearing to have been hurled down from the proud eminence it had obtained; though rooted habit and long-established prejudice, perhaps also an obscure sense of their own interest still attached the princes to the Austrian dynasty, which, unopposed, continued to occupy the imperial throne, which was no empty possession only for a powerful prince. France cast ambitious looks at the sacred See, employing gold and menaces to gain the princes for her interest; but the family of Habsburg carried the victory. The furious attacks of the powerful Lewis

XIV. are notorious. Germany repeatedly struggled unsuccessfully, though unsubdued, almost more for Austria's interest than for her own. Even to the middle of the eighteenth century the imperial name was powerful enough to preserve the attachment of the princes, although since the reign of Maximilian II. the imperial throne had not been occupied by a prince who was capable of uniting the nation, and of inspiring it with enthusiasm for his person.

We now come to the last great and incurable schism of the German nation, which probably will terminate only with the national existence of the Germans. It began in the year 1740, when Frederic II. of Brandenburg ascended the throne of Prussia. His heroism, his arduous struggles, and his majestic virtues dispelled the last remains of the glory which till then had faintly covered the golden bulls and the peace of Westphalia, and Austria too was stripped of the powers which these had reflected upon her. The greatness and power of one man created a potent state in the north of Germany, in opposition to Austria, in consequence of which ensued a total division of interest. The late war, the peace of Luneville, the blood which at present inundates the unfortunate southern states of Germany, are the consequences of that fatal partition.

The state in which a nation actually is, does not prove that it must necessarily be so; no more than its

former state proves that it can recover its ancient political altitude. The eccentric Pau ventures to assert that only the ancient nations had been born for liberty and enthusiasm, and that all nations of Germanic descent appeared to have an innate disposition to servitude. But he seems not to have properly weighed the boasted liberty of the ancient world, nor considered the difference of times. If the age of Frederic II. appeared to him the age of servitude, he should have consulted the annals of history, where he would have found that Italy and Germany in the middle age contained republics in every respect equal to those of Athens and Croton, and that Swisserland and Holland were once animated with proud enthusiasm. I do not know what to think of the enthusiasm of the Greeks, as it displayed itself in several instances. The writers of that nation do not always represent it in the most advantageous colours; and supposing it even to have shone in unrivalled splendour, it must be allowed that the modern world is no more susceptible of what constituted the glory of the ancients. Human nature was at that time highly exalted, because innocence and injustice could exist together; it has since more nobly descended, in order that the whole human race might pursue its career in the enjoyment of more equality and justice.

Equality and justice in love, and compassion on all living beings, has been inculcated by the divine foun-

der of christianity, to be *alone* the laws of states and nations. The modern human race must submissively renounce the proud reliance on physical strength, the savage use of power, and the uncharitable treatment of free-born men as slaves, if they are to fulfil the precepts of the new universal law of love and charity. Virtues less boisterous—a gentler kind of enthusiasm, labour, and moderation, practised by the whole community, in order that no one may be necessitated to submit to the yoke of servitude—these are the moderate demands made upon a nation desirous of deserving the name of freemen. Measuring the Germans by this standard, no one that knows them will assert that they are the least respectable of their European brethren; and I challenge any one who maintains that they are slavishly disposed, and unsusceptible of a better state, to produce any modern European nation excelling them in the love and practice of justice.

Industry, economy, soberness of mind, forbearance without pusillanimity, honesty blended with some portion of climatic heaviness, are ancient virtues by which the nation is generally allowed to be distinguished. These in the middle age engendered prosperity and justice at home, and commanded respect and fear abroad. Liberty and patriotism gave rise to happy municipalities; and wherever Germans settled, there they introduced the laws of propriety. The towns along the Baltic to the Neva, as well as the colonists in Transylvania,

were animated with the spirit of liberty, and partly are so still. Swisserland and the Low Countries, and many respectable and prosperous imperial cities owe their origin to the spirit of liberty which animated the Germans. The gigantic words and deeds of the ancients, their republican commotions and revolutions, the enthusiastic rage of liberty displayed by the Athenians and the Genoese, the factions which violently agitated the Florentines and the ancient citizens of Thebes, are, indeed, in vain looked for in Germany; but the nation and the age were the happier on that account. These are more convenient for the poet than for the citizens who are severely affected by them. Such pictures, indeed, may not frequently occur in the annals of the history of Germany; and even the best German virtues may be thought somewhat stiff and pedantic. But the love and practice of justice do not stand in need of the aid of elegance; and elegance is not, unfortunately, always attended by justice. I live among a nation which never possessed a spirit entirely German; but I know not one modern nation that evinces a larger share of good-natured simplicity, and a more pious attachment to every thing that is called form—undoubtedly an amiable civic disposition, although it degenerates into pedantry in an age destitute of enthusiasm. If you search the history of German guilds and corporations, and examine the constitutions and transactions of the petty imperial towns, you will discover an astonishing susceptibility for obedience to the laws;

and can it be denied that this is a disposition for genuine liberty? This reflecting, equal and good-natured spirit of the nation, which, as yet, lives only in recollection and slight remains, produced moderation and consideration, without which no real liberty can exist. Read our ancient histories, hear our ancient ballads and popular songs, look at Durer's and Van Eiken's pictures, and you will perceive that they are strongly characterized by simplicity, fidelity, love, and truth; they do not, indeed, betray the ideal spirit, nor the voluptuous playfulness of those of the south of Europe; but they are, at the same time, free from the dreadful passions and the corruption diffused over these.

The Germans have made many great and ingenious inventions without the aid of a central point, without being encouraged by pensions; they honourably laboured for the enlargement of the sciences and for the improvement of the arts. Modesty too was once a prominent feature in the German character; but boasting has of late stepped in its place—a proof that the national spirit is degenerating, though it would not be surprizing, were it still more glaringly corrupted than it actually is. For these two centuries past Germany has had the misfortune to be the bloody theatre where all the disputes were settled that arose in any quarter of the known world, and whether the Grand-Mogul quarrelled with his tributaries, or the Eskimaux attacked the settlements of their European tyrants,

Germans might be sure of being armed against Germans; their cities, lands, and manners were repeatedly ruined by the most sanguinary wars, commenced for purposes in which they had no interest whatever; but their industry and love of order and propriety always enabled them to rise again from their fall. There are, however, certain limits beyond which nothing can be carried in this world. We have now reached the extremity; the people, having lost all political confidence, all sense of common interest, and all hopes, are at last become indifferent, and struck dumb. *The miseries of war, the disgrace of peace, the spoilations of gold and silver, the violations of wives and virgins, the demolition of fortresses, the scorn of strangers, and the timidity, artifice, and covetousness of their princes:—THESE MUST FINALLY PRODUCE IMPORTANT EFFECTS, AND MUST PRODUCE THEM TO OUR RUIN.*

Our philosophers judge in a very flattering manner of our nation. They say the Germans were the nation that had begot and preserved liberty of thinking; a poliarchic constitution had been necessary for them, in order that liberty and truth might never be wanting protectors; that the unseemly and shapeless state of the empire had been an excellent means of abstracting us from political and national prejudices, and of directing our attention to the common interests of mankind in general, as the most important point of refinement.

They add, that this was the only means of producing cosmopolitism, that this was much superior to nationalism, inasmuch as the human race was of greater consequence than any individual nation, and that it therefore was not to be regretted if a nation lost its individuality, whilst mankind in general was benefited by it.

These ideas are sublime, but not rational; and what is rational is superior to what is sublime. Without the people there can be no human race, and without free citizens there cannot be free men. In a nation of slaves, every thing assumes a slavish cast: you will rarely meet with a person whose sentiments are so exalted, that he could endure a state of servitude and contempt, without degenerating, and *never* a whole nation.

Turkey.

THESE incorrigible barbarians seem to be ripe for a total dissolution as a political body, and all Europe, yea the whole world is joyfully expecting the period, when in Europe, at least, no country shall be any longer known by the name of Turkey. I cannot deny that my sincerest wishes attended the French expedition to Egypt and Syria. But, alas! the fairest hopes of civilized Europe have been disappointed. Bonaparte himself despaired of his being able to complete his grand work, even whilst he was yet victorious, or he would rather be an absolute despot in Europe, than become the deliverer from despotism in Africa and Asia. The whole world believes that the Turkish empire is near its total dissolution, and I am of the same opinion. We frequently hear and read the assertion that it would be an easy task for such or such a power to expel the Turks from Europe. Neither does

it appear difficult to overturn a state which does not possess energy enough to chastise a wretched bashaw, and trembles at a small horde of banditti composed of three or four thousand robbers, who dare to extend their incursion to the very walls of Constantinople. It is notorious that the ancient Stambul was exactly in the same situation, it having been frequently more violently agitated, and betrayed more cowardice, than the modern Constantinople. It was several times assailed by dreadful nations, and the Byzantine empire maintained itself, notwithstanding, for some centuries longer in equal impotence and disorder. Great changes have indeed taken place within the last four hundred years. The military art is totally different from what it formerly was; fleets and armies are more numerous; and the latter are not now disbanded after the toils of a few months; not to mention a variety of mechanical means of annoyance, with which the Turks are little acquainted. All this is perfectly true; but I am persuaded that the Turks can be driven out of Europe only from the Asiatic side. Constantinople is the soul of the Turkish empire, and will defend itself most obstinately before it is yielded up. The Black Sea is tempestuous, the Hæmus a dreadful rampart, and Rumelia a desert. Fleets can be destroyed, and armies thinned by epidemic diseases. But WHEN THE EUROPEANS SHALL HAVE CONQUERED ASIA, AND BE ENABLED TO LAY THEIR FLEETS BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE, IT

THEN WILL, PERHAPS, FALL. IT WILL NEVER BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE, NOR YIELD TO THE SUCCESSFUL ARMS OF A BOLD AND RIDICULOUS ADVENTURER. BUT ASIA WILL NOT BE EASILY SUBDUED.

To effect this, the greatest exertions of, several powers, unanimity, and disinterested humanity are absolutely required. And what nation displays at present the latter virtue? If the European powers attack the Turkish empire actuated by a desire of booty, and not with the intention to deliver the oppressed, then the Turks may much longer carry on their abominations on the most beautiful shores, and in the most charming islands.

Even if Turkey should be attacked by an united force; if Russia, Austria, and England were jointly to pronounce the doom of the Porte, who knows whether they would be capable of effecting its downfall? Danger frequently concentrates with dreadful energy the last vital powers, as the electrical matter convokes the thunder-clouds, and then bursts forth with destructive violence. The Turks are vigorous and brave; they are capable of the most furious enthusiasm, which frequently defeats the tactics of the most experienced veterans. Necessity might rouse an avenger; some man of superior genius, not born in a seraglio, might put himself at the head of an infuriate nation, and once more make Europe tremble at the Turkish name.

This is as probable as that the Porte will fall without resistance. The Turks are not effeminate; they are not unmanned, like the ancient Byzantines. Their priests promise paradise to those that fall in battle.

The French Nation.



MUST we then everywhere meet these harlequins, at fairs, and on the high-roads?—I have ever been averse from having much intercourse with them, and now they unfortunately occupy all avenues and roads of history so arrogantly and insolently, that the historian cannot proceed a step without meeting with them. And yet they blend so many amiable qualities with folly, that it is a difficult task to recount all the injury they have heaped upon us and posterity by their foolish proceedings. It is singular that a nation that has never reflected, should give the world so much cause for serious reflection. The cause of the French, if we consider the serious part of it, seems to have been settled this long time; but there are still a great number of fools amongst them who continually begin the business anew. Errors and serious mistakes have been committed by either party, and this was not altogether unpardonable during the first revolutionary frenzy.

The first effervescence of enthusiasm made many a grey-headed man childish, and many a wise head judge and act unwisely. But fifteen years replete with the most wonderful vicissitudes might have cooled the heads; and people who have not since recovered their recollection, cannot be expected to stand corrected by the warnings of history.

The French have ever made fools of their European coteremporaries, and we were childish enough to suffer ourselves to be tricked by them. An imposing and dazzling appearance, which is so very apt to deceive and perplex, was at all times displayed by that nation, and even before they were completely civilized themselves, they made their neighbours believe that every thing was better, more pleasant, and more tasteful with them, than beyond the frontiers of France. This complaint is exhibited against them by the Italians and Germans of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, at a time when both nations had made greater progress in civilization than the French. Whatever advantage a Frenchman possessed, or imagined to possess, he ever contrived to turn to some account—the shortest and easiest road to dominion. At length came the epoch of Lewis XIV. when what since has been denominated the most exquisite European refinement, was polished to the highest degree of external splendour, which, together with the great men that sprung up, and the great feats performed by them, served to befool the

rest of Europe. What French ambition could not then carry by dint of arms, was successfully effected by means of taste and fashion, which induced all polished Europeans to adopt their manners and language. What on the banks of the Seine was pronounced easy, delicate, amiable and natural, was to be the same on the shores of the Thames, the Danube, the Vistula, and the Neva; and the inhabitants of the northern countries were silly and foolish enough to ape the childish tricks and fooleries of those incorrigible fools, and spoiled their national character by unnatural imitations which never could become domesticated among them, sacrificing their ancient virtues and the originality of their language; a refinement which, in its first beginning, sprung from the nothingness of falsehood and corruption, which was stalking along upon the stilts of affected sentiments and dishonourable ambition, was likewise to become that of the *better* Europeans, and this has unfortunately been effected to our common injury. The weeds had taken deep root, even among nations who in nobler civilization had considerably had the advantage over the French for some centuries. At length the Europeans began to recollect themselves, and to become sensible of their egregious folly. Every one affected originality, and seemed determined that foreign refinement should act upon him and polish him from a distance; and now commenced a new farce on the banks of the Seine, which has developed itself so wonderfully, and taken such a miraculous form, that

we have been once more involved in the play acted by the French nation, and this time more seriously than at any former period.

The French nation could as little prevent that dreadful play on the banks of the Seine, as the inhabitants of Kamtschatka can prevent the ice from carrying along with it to their shores a flock of white bears. It was completely incidental that the sins of several reigns, the most unbridled licence of the most violent Aristocratism, sporting with the sweat and blood of the nation, and the most improvident weakness, which was to remove present inconveniences and evils, came so cuttingly and confusedly in collision, that the then state of things appeared insufferable any longer. Impotence and want of energy in the sovereign and in his counsellors, moreover, made them follow the stream, before there was a current to urge them onward. Thus it was that the defects of the then state of the nation were noticed, before a reform was thought of. It was not before the established order of things was already overturned, when that giddy nation began to think of a new constitution. The innovators gained dominion and power, but they did not come prepared with those preconcerted and long digested plans, with those profound designs of ambition and villany, so sagely ascribed to them by most reporters and reviewers of the events of that memorable period. The first years of the French revolution are as fresh, and alive in my re-

collection, as if they had happened to-day. The spirit of fermentation and commotion which prevailed at that time knew no bounds; and hence the enthusiastic interest which it excited at home and abroad was equally boundless. How many were there at that tempestuous period who were clearly conscious of what they did or suffered? and how frequently were even such as were most circumspect and collected, guided in their proceedings by the imperious impulse of circumstances, whilst they were supposed to be acting according to premeditated plans! Neither could anything be rationally expected from a revolution. When every thing is in a state of chaotic disorder and fermentation, then no one can be expected to be the only cool and sober individual in the whole confused, terrified, astonished, and inspired community.

When the ancient order of things was overturned, or rather on the eve of being overturned through the pusillanimity and despair of the government, and the temerity and enthusiasm of the agitators, then began to be gradually developed those high-soaring cosmopolitic and metaphysical ideas and hopes, or rather, they united with the tempestuous eddy which now was in full agitation, and were swept along with it. But these wishes, hopes, and plans, conceived by vast numbers both in France and abroad, proved incontrovertibly that but little political reason was left in Europe, and that the ideas formed of the late state of France and the

French nation were very erroneous. For, either had the former state been completely metamorphosed by a charm as never had its equal in history, or the new order of things must assimilate more to that which it was to supersede than was intended and proclaimed to the world. *Such* virtues and *such* exalted dignity and magnanimity as were made the basis of the first revolution, and which alone could uphold a structure so loosely conformed, were at all times rare phenomena; was it therefore to be expected to have been created all at once, through disconnected ideas and the powerful charm of mere sounds, in a country where they but lately had been in total disrepute? Many enthusiasts announced them, and believed in their existence; but many men who possessed more experience and wisdom, shook their heads, and thereby awakened fearful apprehensions in the minds of many philanthropists. At the time when the deluded multitude enthusiastically shouted the imposing words, "liberty, equality, and "fraternity," when every Frenchman was declaiming of the rights of men, and of the humane declaration of the Convention, that the regenerated nation would never again carry on a war of conquest, honest and penetrating men referred to the opinion pronounced by the wisest and ablest Frenchman on their own nation, and could not comprehend how it was possible that this singular frenzy in such a nation could have lasted so long?

I sincerely believe, that in the first years of the revolution the people were really inspired with a kind of generous enthusiasm, and that many fondly hoped that a better constitution would issue from the chaotic disorder, and the conflict of discordant ideas; I also believe, that, if the consulting and ruling part of the nation had possessed as much common sense and goodness as they were inspired by enthusiasm, something excellent could have been produced. But they did not consider the importance of Solon's wise rule for legislators: "*Not the best, (in theory) but that good which is possible.*" And the consolidation and preservation of a desirable constitution was left to the care of Gallic fortune, which has at all times raised a good deal of wind. They did not maturely weigh the political strength of the state, to ascertain whether they would be equal to counterbalance the pressure of circumstances; nor had they sufficiently calculated the evils that could not but soon spring up in a nation as corrupt as the French were, nor considered the influence of Gallic frivolity, which treats as mere matter of fashion things the most sacred and important. All this had not been considered, and the consequences that resulted from that thoughtlessness were naturally most fatal. After the lapse of a few years devoted France was inundated with blood, and Europe, deluded and disappointed in her wishes and hopes, was wofully reminded of the eternal truth of Montesquieu's remark, that "*The French treat foolish things seriously,*

"and serious matters foolishly." The people had been robbed of their dignity and prosperity, and raged at home and abroad. It was obvious that all that had been done as yet was nothing but a comedy, or, rather, a prelude to a horrid tragedy, and that the French had treated a serious matter as jugglers, and a mere farce too seriously. Hence some people began to doubt whether they were still the same nation, when on a sudden the whole face of affairs was totally changed and transformed:

But the play, in fact, was still the same. The contemporaries however were ignorant of its real nature, and the French themselves did not suspect the consequences to which it could not but lead. The evil spirit which predominates in all revolutions, and permits so very few to produce the good that might result from them, began after the lapse of a few years to predominate, and swayed most furiously to the year 1795. It took possession of the great nation, and concealed itself behind a mass of many millions. The throne, the nobility, and the clergy, and the loose fabric of the first constitution, together with all ancient institutions, being overturned and destroyed, the revolution put the supreme power into the hands of the people, a monster that ever has too much or too little spirit, at one time overturning with millions of arms every thing, however sacred it may be, and at another time crouching and cringing in the most abject manner. It is impossible to

form a clear and correct notion of the transactions that took place in that horrid period, and exactly to distinguish guilt and innocence. Such epochs remain for ever shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Prejudice and design, enthusiasm and malice, accident and plan, heroism and meanness are frequently approximating each other so closely, that it is impossible for mortal minds to distinguish with unerring precision. Robespierre and Orleans, Condorcet and Danton, Lyons and Nantes, La Vendée and Avignon—I shall pass over in silence your horrid transactions !

The French were victorious abroad against all their enemies, and made many conquests. The vigour of the nation was still fresh and in action, though the sanguinary convulsions and commotions which had taken place seemed to have rendered the people cooler and more considerate, for, that a nation in *such* a revolution could really have become gentler and more humane, was not any longer believed even by those pious fools by whom its commencement, and all the fair hopes it held out, had been hailed with tears of love and rapture. The nation, consisting of five-and-twenty millions, was victorious; the imposing words *liberty*, *equality*, and *républic* continued to be re-echoed from one extremity of the country to the other—for, it was expedient that juggling tricks should be played upon the *great nation*, as the French called themselves. At length the constitution of the third year was ushered in, and the

French were represented and governed by two counsellors and five directors. In this as well as in the first constitution the conductors of the revolution had not made proper provision for the executive power. Actuated by jealousy, they had not intrusted it with the entire reins of government, and it seemed that the noble and worthy people were to be their own guides, and to be directed only with extreme gentleness. There was no vigorous reciprocal exertion of the quickening powers in the constitution, and where the supreme power should have acted with the greatest energy, there it was generally most imprudently circumscribed in its action. Yet, notwithstanding this essential defect, the new order of things was laboriously kept up for some years. The talents, arts, and power of some individuals made up for the deficiencies of all, and a few artful men lorded over France, which now obeyed the rein with more obsequiousness than ever, all being completely tired of the effusion of blood and the activity of the revolutionary axe. This was the period when Fichetru, Jourdan, Moreau, and Bonaparte distinguished themselves, when the peace of Campo Formio was concluded, when Switzerland and Italy were despoliated, and when Bonaparte suppressed the moderate party. France was covered with glory, and an object of jealousy and hatred abroad, whilst disorder and discord, denunciations and crimes overwhelmed the nation with domestic misery—a necessary consequence of the revolution. An attentive observer could easily perceive that

debility and stupor threatened total ruin, that block-heads and servile wretches, under the direction of a few artful men, guided the people, and that the energy and courage to which the hope of liberty had given birth, had disappeared—phenomena which are the common precursors of the impending ruin of all republics. Bribery, cowardice, pomp and boastful sounds, calculated only to hide deception and national disgrace, were the order of the day. The rulers of the degraded people were not even daring enough to commit great crimes. Most of them fell without a struggle in the disastrous year of 1799, and others stepped into their places. Even victory, which hitherto had almost invariably attended the French standards, now began to desert them. The nation was ripe for becoming the prey of a bold and ambitious usurper. Bonaparte and his good fortune quitted Egypt, where no more laurels could be gained. The bayonets of the military terminated at St. Cloud the dominion of the five men, and we beheld a first consul, and a consul for life in rapid succession; and now the French submit to the iron sway of a despotic emperor. Every thing done by that omnipotent man is applauded as excellent. Our wretched age judges only by the success which he has hitherto had. I shall give my opinion of the *little Corsican* in another place, only observing here frankly and truly that scarcely a vestige is left of all the good regulations that had been made, and of the preparative steps towards a total reform of abuses that had been

taken in the course of the revolution. Whatever has been done by the French seems to have been done only for the purpose of placing an emperor on the throne.

Let us candidly confess that, with regard to the revolution, its beginning, and issue, we all had conceived notions which the events of the later years have proved to have been completely erroneous. We hoped and believed more than we should have done. What reason had we to expect that a *degenerated, slavish, and luxurious* nation, should all at once, through a miracle, be made virtuous, free, and sober? What miracle could have changed Gallic fickleness into republican perseverance, and the most silly foppery into noble gravity? Could all this be effected in the midst of the most dreadful revolution, when all the ancient ties of propriety and order were dissolved, and no new ones substituted in their room? Many believed to see what they wished, mistaking political speculations and high-sounding words for laws and deeds. The French deceived themselves with words and ideas, and imagined that the grand work was accomplished when the incalculable evils of the revolution began to prevail; and their charms were first dispelled when their last hopes and their dreams of constitutions were destroyed. The revolution now became a voracious monster, greedily devouring itself, until at length it grew tired of the work of destruction. The best and ablest men in the nation were destroyed, and nothing remained

but the scum of all parties, a despicable horde of slaves, that knew neither how to excite enthusiasm, nor how to rule. The reins of government were tamely surrendered to one man, who now holds them in his powerful grasp, making his slaves confess with surprising *naïveté* that only a despotic government is fit for France.

Considering the present state of things, I am almost inclined to justify the usurpation of the Corsican. It was a foolish hope, which proves how completely our cotemporaries were besotted, when they flattered themselves that a nation of wretched slaves could be suddenly turned into generous freemen by the mere sound of words. Neither has the revolution manifested any new virtues in the French character, nothing but effervescence, empty sounds, and a foolish appropriation of the actions of others, of which that nation is as incapable as I am of flying up to the moon. When and where did the French display modest energy, rational moderation, and those unassuming civic virtues which beget and preserve the nobler constitutions? They have indeed shewn much life and activity, an astonishing elasticity, but no energy. However, as good qualities may be gradually debased, so could their bad qualities have been gradually corrected. The revolution had designedly and accidentally produced much misery, much evil had been committed, and sanguinary coercion had rendered the people patient

and ductile. This would have enabled a wise and good ruler greatly to improve the nation. Moreover, an instructive period of ten years had furnished many useful lessons; but no wise and good man attempted to prepare the nation for a better constitution, and to inspire the people with generous sentiments. Thousands grasped at the sceptre, to rule meanly over slaves, but the most artful and daring of all has made himself absolute master.

Some there are who appeal to the victories gained by the French, to prove that the people possess virtue and energy; but must we then always appeal to the deplorable and brutish anomalies of human nature, to prove the existence of something that is not to be found in man. There is nothing that furnishes fitter materials for war than a revolution, as every one knows that is acquainted with history. Enough of spirit and frenzy was developed by the French revolution, to produce a sudden and rash ebullition of enthusiasm and heroism. War requires quick resolutions and prompt actions, and to these the circumstances of the times afforded sufficient encouragement. The misfortunes and follies of the allied powers, the false friendship and political covetousness of some of them contributed considerably to keep up the spirit of the French. And how powerful were the means which they commanded, and of which their enemies were destitute! The boasted miracles performed by their

armies cease to astonish the observer who duly weighs these considerations, and appear to him events but too natural. Several badly-united armies are opposed in the field by the male population of a nation of twenty-five millions animated by one common sentiment—by the unanimous apprehension of impending subjugation. The remains of national feelings which were still left, and others which had been newly added, were roused, and they became conscious of their ability to avert the threatened danger. In the first years they beat their enemies with difficulty, and in the following years war was to them a sport, their advantages being too great. Wherever they appeared they planted trees of liberty, making their new brethren pay the expenses of the war. Discarding all regard for ancient regulations and usages, which are respected by civilized nations, they deemed right whatever was advantageous to themselves, and no obstacles which they found in the relations and constitutions of nations could stop them in their career. I need but refer my readers for the confirmation of this remark to their proceedings in Holland, Germany, Swisserland, and Italy, where they planted trees of liberty, plundered, made requisitions, concluded and broke treaties as they listed. The inhabitants of those devoted countries were compelled to feed, clothe, and arm their numerous armies, and their Vampyr-commissaries and generals had enough booty left to send millions beyond the Alps and the Rhine. To this must be added, that the

most vigorous generals led them to victory; and that every one found the post best suited to his genius and spirit. Their enemies, on the other hand, conformed in all their proceedings to ancient custom, and even years of disasters could not make them wise. They were opposed to revolutionary armies, shackled by forms and precepts, and the heavy pressure of usage, lamed by the heaviness of ancient institutions, for which they were to fight, and led by generals who were remarkable only for the colour of their hair, and destitute of that spirit with which they were to counteract hosts of inspired enemies. Therefore let no one tell me of the wonderful bravery of the French; but rather let us lament the wonderful stupidity and heaviness of their opponents, and the mental stupor of those who were to fight against inspired armies.

Frenchmen, you are the nation that has cheated Europe of its fairest hopes; and yet you presume to be the benefactors and masters of others—you, who have become the most wretched slaves of *one* man, who employs no nobler arts to lord over you than common cunning and imposing monkey-tricks! You call yourselves the great nation. If the despoliation of countries, the subversion of states, the subjugation of free nations, if bartering away for gold and silver all virtue and honour, can be called greatness, then few nations indeed have been greater than yourselves. But if incorruptible probity, good faith, justice and moderation

are required to make individuals and nations great, you cannot but be sensible of your excessive littleness. Wherever you have been, wherever you are, you have proved plagues infinitely worse than famine and pestilence. Is not the cruelty of savages gentleness in comparison with yours, which does not blush to brag of humanity and generosity when it intends to commit mischief? But, perhaps, you are so great in the fine arts and in the sciences, that it would be happiness for the other Europeans to be subjugated by you; perhaps you would enable them to emerge from the state of barbarity in which you suppose them to be, and to enjoy the blessings and elegance of civilization. You are passably civilized, but your whole civilization has proceeded from weakness and apishness, and you have no other advantage over your European brethren (who do not penetrate you) than an external gloss and polish. Inhabiting the middle of Europe, you have grown a kind of hermaphrodite beings. You never possessed the fulness of the physical power of the south, nor the enthusiastic profundity of mind of the north, but always floated in pitiful mediocrity between both, and were ever conscious of your deficiency and nakedness; hence your bragging, your stale ridicule of things the most grave and sacred; hence your inability to yield to full genialty, because your sinful deformity ever reminds you who you *are*! The consciousness of your sinfulness and corruption bears heavy upon your works of art, all of which betray the monkey, disguising his features; not

the freeman who boldly shews himself as he is, whether guilty or innocent. This is the character of your arts and of your elegance—nothing but emptiness, nothing but the sinful serpent-gloss of virtues, from which the incorrupt man averts his face with disgust and horror. Aliens to religion and truth, too weak for reform, and too polished to be aware of your miserable state, you proudly step before us, crowing to us with unexampled impudence that we are bears and barbarians. Ye trifling, incorrigible wretches, who chatter when others feel, and skip when others stand as men, who vainly imagine to have attained to that degree of civilization to which others have actually attained—you display much of imposing appearance, which we, however, must carefully shun, because it is totally destitute of reality. A nation that turns all virtues into a mere play of words, that is satisfied with the empty shade of things, when others feel and enjoy, a nation so wonderfully besotted and besotting as the French are, cannot ingraft upon the human race a fresh and vigorous stock; they are too much above all humanity.

The Upstart.

THAT dreadful man, who sports with the blood of millions, and renders them miserable to obtain greatness, must appear in judgment before the present generation; but posterity will do him more ample justice.

I have observed that all-powerful man from the commencement of his splendid career. In his first battles he announced himself as a tremendous physical power; in words and actions dark and portentous, like the hollow muttering of a thunder-cloud, bursting forth with dreadful explosion:—thus was it that the little Corsican appeared on the stage, terrifying the astonished world, inured to terror and astonishment by the prodigies produced by the times. He soon shewed himself the first of all-powerful men,—mute and inscrutable before he acted, if he did not design to impose by falsehood, and in action impetuous and in-

exorable, like Atropos cutting the thread of life, and pompous and boastful in words, when he had accomplished his design. Already in the beginning of his career, the furious tiger affected moderation, and the slave of ambition mildness. The road to victory being opened in Italy, nor promise nor treaty could protect the weak, cowardly, perplexed, and discordant princes, and republics of his native country, against spoliation, banishment, and revolution. In 1797 he began to rule, and to press heavy upon the weakly-constructed French state; and resolutions and hopes, which till then had been shrouded in obscurity, began to brighten in his mind. He betrayed symptoms and made operations which were not of a doubtful appearance to such as could see. The man who travelled about as a prince, and on the Rhine, in the Netherlands, and in Switzerland caused himself to be received with firing of guns; the man who everywhere spoke the language of a master to his servants; who arrogantly represented himself as the sole defender of republics; who offered his dreadful assistance to the wretches that exiled and banished their fellow-citizens to Cayenne; and was accessory to the expulsion of those counsellors who were pointed out as friends of royalty and of the clergy; that enthusiast, who did not open his lips when ancient republics were to be overturned, and Switzerland was to be spoliated;—that wretch should have been sent into banishment for life, when he was wanted no longer as a tool of oppression. His coad-

jutors indeed had a presentiment of what he would be ere long, but not of what he would be soon after; whilst he himself was perfectly sensible of the real nature of his situation. Under these circumstances he went to the east, attended by a numerous army, and followed by the sanguine wishes of thousands. It is probable that his courage and success inspired him with greater hopes and more extensive designs when he crossed the ocean than he realized. He acted the same farce in Egypt which he had acted in Europe, artfully making himself half a Mahometan, being merciful when he was necessitated to spare, and arbitrary when he could, though he fought as an European. But Nelson, the thunderbolt, and the impetuous Sidney Smith, stopped his career. His good fortune ruled the waves but once, when he fled back to Europe through the midst of the British Fleet.

Enraged at the desertion of his good fortune, he quarrelled with his first generals, was displeased with all, and more haughty and untractable than nature had formed him. His arrogance and imprudence, his insolence to foreign princes, unsupported by exalted sentiments, had broken the peace which was expected to heal the bleeding wounds of Europe—the fortune of war had changed sides, Italy was lost, and foreign armies once more threatened the French soil. The state was governed by artful men destitute of energy, the public affairs were managed by wretches who had neither

honourable principles, nor the good of their country at heart:—the loosely connected constitution began to totter, insurrection agitated the provinces, dissatisfaction the capital, discord divided the counsellors, the generals refused to obey, and the sanguinary jacobins demanded once more the application of the guillotine as the last remedy. Many were terrified, looking out for assistance, and many voices were raised against those who had sent the bravest troops and the ablest general beyond the seas. The state of France was critical and perplexed, though not desperate. She still ruled on the Alps and on the banks of the Rhine. The Russians and the Britons retired from the field of action. Many resources and great generals were still left, and France which had weathered the storms of the years of 1792 and 1794 was in no immediate danger. The wretched government were conscious of their guilt, and of their weakness, which rendered them incapable of remedying the disorder, and of conciliating those that were dissatisfied; but a person that has ruled once is desirous of ruling for ever. Bonaparte fled from Egypt, and deserted the army; some pretend he was recalled. The harvest was ripe for the ambitious adventurer. He intrigued with the ruling party who were anxious to extend and preserve their power. Sieyes, that cunning coward, devoid of dignity and energy, little in adversity, mean in prosperity, never a protector of liberty and virtue, as he wanted to persuade Europe; deceiving himself, whilst he attempted to cheat his coadjutors.

Bonaparte gradually reduced him on a level with those who had fallen before him. This man and Lucien Bonaparte cleared the road for the bold warrior; the bayonets obtained an easy victory at St. Cloud. The people, who hated the cowards that would do any thing for money, and despised the wretches who were to have been their counsellors and rulers, hailed the arrival of the Corsican, with thoughtless shouts. A thing of a new constitution (at that period the easiest work) was already prepared, and was immediately proclaimed; a few dangerous individuals were sent away, whilst the accommodating knaves and blockheads were retained. Bonaparte placed himself at the head of the new order of things. But was this preconceived? This is pretty generally denied, it being evident that he cheated Sieyes, and broke the promise he had made to Lucien. They ought to have better known that dangerous man.

Bonaparte became first consul for ten years, and was at the head of all public transactions, placed between two figuranti and some republican stages which had been left standing or newly erected for shew, to deceive the people. The law gave him a greater and more effective power than the first constitution had left to the poor king *Veto*; but he knew better how to use that power; and soon felt himself strong enough to controul the law. His deep designs were as yet concealed; for, it was necessary that he should perform greater things yet, before he could rise higher, and he

acted with his usual promptness. An extensive field lay open before him, to exert his abilities for the good of the nation. The mad and disgraceful government had imprudently created many monsters and spectres, which terrified the people. To dispel these was an easy task for Bonaparte, and he acquired at a trifling expense the name of a benefactor of the nation. Moderation and energy destroyed the new Vendee, removed the restraints with which divine worship was burthened, and cleared the high-roads of the robbers that invested them. His good fortune in the summer of 1800 urged him irresistibly against the enemy. Desaix and Moreau made the new ruler :—Desaix did not live to experience his ingratitude ; and Moreau too would have had monuments erected to his memory, had he lost his life in the battle of Hohenlinden. Peace quickly followed his victory, the disgraceful German peace of Luneville, and the unfortunate general peace of Amiens. Europe praised and flattered the powerful man ; France hated, yet admired the grave and reserved Italian, but served him the more obsequiously.

The new government was entirely calculated and fitted for servitude. Constitution was still called, what, in fact, was the will of one man, or what had been concerted with one or two artful intriguers, who likewise aspired to the possession of power and dominion. I will not now again criticise that despotic fabric, criticised already an hundred times by others, and only

point out its construction. After the first consul, who now possessed the whole executive power, almost as unlimited as the late kings, follows the conservative senate, the members of which are appointed for life, and cannot be displaced; intended, as it were, to guard the sanctuary of the constitution. But the master formed that senate of the most obsequious, cowardly, venal and artful wretches, excluding the brave and bold; on filling up vacancies that might happen, he reserved to himself the prerogative of presenting three candidates, and by encroaching upon all the branches of the state, his mere word was sufficient to determine the election. Finally, he invented favours, pensions, senatorships—excellent means in a golden age. The legislative power is vested in three hundred legislators deputed by the different departments. When the government has proposed a new law, it is first referred to the tribunate, which constitutes a select committee of the legislative power, and having agreed respecting it, sends it to the three hundred as the last formality. But all these are nothing else but miserable scarecrows, treated as such by the master himself. His powerful hands are too active in directing the first and last motions of the whole mass of the people, to leave a shadow of liberty. Listen and judge!

One hundred prefects, and four hundred sub-prefects, all of them his creatures, are sent by the ruler to the different prefectures which he has established—a trick

which this cunning man seems to have borrowed from the more cunning Augustus, who had likewise found it expedient to amuse the people with the word republic. These officers depend entirely upon his mercy, and it is natural to conclude that he will appoint none but what are active, watchful, and obsequious. It is astonishing how heavily they press upon the people, and how severely they can, together with the military power, tease and plague all that, relying upon the protection of the laws, dare to oppose the government! But this does not spare the most sacred rights of the people, destroying liberty in the bud. The first consul nominates in the different communes ten thousand mayors, which renders the municipalities entirely dependent on him; he also nominates the presidents of all elective bodies, who regulate and direct the whole; nay, he may send ten members of his Legion of Honour to every elective meeting. Thus has the constitution placed in his hands the most powerful organ of dominion, the interest of individuals, and the possibility of being informed by his spies and emissaries of the least evil disposition that may be betrayed by any individual. All rewards emanating exclusively from himself, none being at the disposal of the people—the consequences that must result from it, can be easily foreseen. The military, who are his chief strength, he attaches to his person by the fear and glory of his name, by new and great rewards, orders, grants of land and pensions. The grants appropriated for the members of the Le-

gion of Honour are in most instances given to military men.

A nation capable of displaying liberty and dignity under such a constitution, must have possessed extraordinary virtues; and the French who were almost totally destitute of all civic virtues, and had been more vitiated through the revolution than improved, required a very long preparation to be made better citizens. An enterprising character, not scorning to rule over slaves, might boldly venture their subjugation; for, they had never ceased being slaves, notwithstanding their boastful language, and their splendid victories. Bonaparte knew his people. Frank, whenever frankness was expedient; reserved, when he saw that time was required to gain his purpose; mysterious in trifles; ambiguous like an oracle in affairs of importance; he had but to play off some juggling trick, to carry his aim, with a people so thoughtless, and in an age so inconsiderate. There were still many who believed him the greatest republican and cosmopolite, even after he had plainly declared the contrary; nay, there are many who even now, as if they were bewitched, imagine that he will finally deliver Europe from all evils.

Though he is justly accused of artfulness, he frequently betrays great *naïveté*. How *naïv* were the despot's declarations in the first days of his consulate; sure that he would not fail accomplishing what his good

fortune and the folly of the people made appear to him of easy performance. What the most excellent and greatest of mortals ever had conceived to be the most sacred prerogative of man, *the liberty of speech*, that unalienable inheritance of rational beings, was by the little genefal declared arrogance, madness, and the destruction of all states, and of all social happiness; and there were not wanting hundreds of thousands who assented to this declaration, because it had been uttered by a man of importance. No one was any longer at liberty to give his opinion of states and political affairs, of republics and democracies, of the Pope and the Dalai Lama, much less of himself and his associates; all frankness was crushed, and servility rewarded. He pursued his career with impetuosity; neither would it have been advisable to permit the agitated people to become tranquil, therefore he played off new juggling tricks. To the wretched Parisians he restored their ancient plays and absurdities, and they were more than satisfied: to the people he afforded relief by prompt assistance, though he made them believe to have received more than he had actually given. The restoration of the finances, the re-establishment of religious worship, the tranquillization of the interior, the relations of peace with foreign nations, the reform of the legislation, and a variety of other regulations, which he is said to have made in two or three years, whereas they regularly require more than twenty years before they can be established,

were loudly extolled, and whatever might be true or untrue of the loud praises that were lavished upon him, they proved highly serviceable to him.

Of his financial regulations nothing can be said as yet, the necessities of the times having, perhaps, been too great to admit him to afford considerable relief; for, notwithstanding the immense contributions levied in foreign countries, all taxes and imposts have increased under the new government.

The religious institutions were revived by him, though not upon a grand and generous plan as the times required, but meanly and parsimoniously, for his own benefit; for, ambition wants the support of the clergy. The atheistical and metaphysical abominations which prevailed during the first five years of the revolution, and the oppression and contempt of religion in the subsequent period, cannot indeed be reviewed without horror; but Bonaparte's work also did not afford much cause for joy. Had all the ancient religious establishments been so dreadfully and cruelly overturned, and good and sacred institutions shared one common fate with what really deserved to be abolished, for no other purpose than to make room for a new hierarchy? The new church would have been satisfied with moderate splendour, and a proper allowance of temporal liberty. The perturbed hearts of the people would have been appeased, the discord in

the state would have been dispelled, and the spiritual development of religion, demanded by the circumstances of the times, could now have been accelerated; but priests never desired to improve the human understanding to the utmost of its capacity; they proved victorious, because Bonaparte wanted of them something different.

Neither can I perceive that the various arts of peace have made considerable progress under Bonaparte. I do not think him calculated for the promotion of the fine arts; yet other eyes see differently. Much could here be done for the arts and sciences, but France is not the country where they can be expected to thrive, being deprived of their chief vital organ—liberty; and honorary rewards of a better kind than stars of the Legion of Honour, senatorships, and pensions, being necessary for that purpose. The ruler regards them only because he must regard them, on account of the spirit of the times. At the time when it was necessary for him to court the favour of the public, he also was called a man of science, and assisted as a member of the National Institute at the meetings of the society; but it is now known that he has no great partiality for the arts and sciences. The military engross his attachment; and he loves the sciences only inasmuch as they have reference to the art of war. France is entirely a despotic military state, and on that account highly unfavourable to the

progress of generous refinement. The arts and sciences can flourish in the purest ethereal element of liberty. The French have spoliated the museums, libraries, and treasures of the European princes and nations, and set the example of Vandalism, that threatens in future to destroy all ancient and modern monuments and relics of the sciences and arts. For, it is not impossible that foreign armies should at some future period enter Paris; and in that case the transportation of the works of art beyond mountains, rivers, and seas will commence anew. This Vandalism, as all lawlessness, has no bounds. But these treasures are now accumulated in Paris, and the French possess all means of attaining to the highest degree of excellence in the arts and sciences. But no! France is not the abode of the muses; the recollections of the ancient classic times cannot be revived in Paris, they cannot there kindle the sacred flame of emulation, nor anywhere in France, nor under a government like the present. What encouragement can the muses have in a country where free inquiry is a crime, and the bold flight of genius is rewarded with imprisonment; where a picture of the master, and an ode upon his mighty feats, are the chief means of acquiring merit and praise?

As for trade, manufactories, and industry—there are indeed many excellent laws for their promotion; prizes have been decreed, and public exhibitions opened; but all this has been done as precipitatedly as the soldier

attacks the enemy. This, however, is not the way to make them flourish. The war presses heavily upon commerce; insufferable taxes, and numerous armies, keep down the manufactories.

A code of civil laws was framed rapidly enough; but many well-informed members of the tribunate would not suffer them to be passed so rapidly, thinking that it would be prudent to deliberate more seriously upon many of them, before they were adopted. However, the mighty man was angry, and issued his commands; two thirds of them were expelled the tribunate as mutineers, and whatever was agreeable to himself obtained the force of a law.

In this manner much has been done by that one man, and any one that meets with a chaos like that which he found, can easily obtain the thanks of a harassed and distressed nation, and make strangers think well of him, though his regulations should be ever so indifferent. But when we perceive that Bonaparte designedly and from contemptible considerations, did things only by halves; when we perceive that vanity and thirst for dominion continually urged him; when we perceive that he impudently puffed up as excellent and perfect what was miserable and contemptible; when we, finally, must hear the hoarse croaking of thousands and ten thousand mercenary flatterers, spies and satellites of an egotistic government—we then cannot but

be disgusted with the littleness of the master, and of his obsequious servants.

Bonaparte, whom fortune and the obscure impulse which he felt in his bosom had thrown upon his career, knew at last very clearly where he was and what he designed; but what he should perform, what his disappointed cotemporaries expected him to accomplish—that he never knew. The course lay open before him; he beheld the dazzling prize, and started like lightning to reach the goal. The last four years are within our recollection, and what is dark and mysterious in the confusion of events, is sufficiently cleared up by the actions of him who presumes to controul the tide of events. He respected no opinion, paid no regard to gratitude, nor to promises and vows, made by him to gain his purpose. Facts and fictions, greatness and meanness were made instrumental to raise that colossal throne, from which he is now casting wishful looks at the most beautiful countries of Europe. Particularly remarkable are the pretended conspiracies against his person, which always enabled him to gain more ground.

The first important conspiracy against his *august* person, is known by the explosion of the infernal machine. The story is singular enough. The most artful and wicked criminals are said to have constructed that machine. It was filled with dead bodies, to calculate the explosion to a second. The conspirators

see the consul coming up the street, and having put a match to the machine, retire; when, lo! notwithstanding the crowd, which is said to have been purposely caused, the fortunate man, that favourite of God, and the priests, whom he has newly created, passes unhurt the fatal spot, together with his guards; and no sooner is he in safety than it explodes, throwing down some houses, and destroying a few innocent people. This undoubtedly has a miraculous appearance; and as it produced consequences of great magnitude, many have had the impudence to pretend the whole tragedy had been contrived by the French government. They arrested a dozen of infamous wretches, whose names were mentioned with horror all over Paris as blood-stained and branded monsters. The people were rejoiced, and on that account the more willing to believe. A miscreant, who pretended to have been one of the conspirators, a certain captain Henriot, who had been cashiered with infamy, denounced two Italians, Arena and Caracchi, as the authors of the murderous plot. The first, a countryman of the consul's, his brother in arms at Toulon, and his enemy, afterwards obtained a seat in the council of five hundred. He was a handsome, generous, and eloquent man, one of the few immaculate and independent men among a numerous herd of low wretches, who always firmly espoused the cause of justice, and ardently desired the establishment of liberty. Had all his colleagues been the same, Bonaparte would

either never have gone to St. Cloud, or never returned. Caracchi was a native of Rome, known as a skilful artist. He had often declared to the Corsican that he hated him, reproaching him for the degradation of Italy, and for having robbed his country of the most valuable pictures. These men might be dangerous, but were they guilty? There was but one witness produced against them—an infamous wretch, and, moreover, a self-accused conspirator. But the tyrant's hatred required no farther proof of their guilt. They were executed in company with common criminals, and Henriot was pardoned. This affair made an astonishing noise, as if the heart of poor France was to have received the last mortal stab, and occasioned a great number of motions, insinuations, speeches, exclamations, congratulations, and pamphlets. The valuable life of the *august* and *generous* Napoleon having been in imminent danger, the grateful nation (so it was called) as if he had performed some grand exploit, conferred upon him for life the consular dignity, at the same time granting him additional prerogatives. Carnot alone spoke his mind freely in a few words, which were not attended to: sober people could not, however, conceive, how the life of a man could be secured by decrees.

The year 1804 produced the second great conspiracy, and along with it consequences that astonished many a blockhead, people of common sense having

traced Bonaparte step by step. The war with England had been renewed, those lofty islanders having perceived that by the late peace they had surrendered themselves into the power of the French. This time Bonaparte was seriously desirous of peace, not with the view of keeping it long, but with the design to be better prepared for England's destruction. England saw the necessity of a renewal of hostilities, and declared war. In the course of that war, already, in the year 1803, a variety of reports respecting conspiracies fomented by British agents, banditti and assassins paid by her, and the machinations and re-actions of the emigrants; - of which, however, every one believed as much as he thought proper. The conspiracy, which is commonly denominated *the great*, at length broke out, in the winter of 1804. The acts are lying before me, open for examination, but they might as well be hieroglyphics; they are a chaos of obscurity, replete with juridical tricks, authoritatives, and unsubstantiated accusations. Nothing can be seen in them of those great means, machines, and preparations said to have been collected for the purpose of once more attempting to ruin France and her government. It is natural to conclude that the government would have published the proofs of these accusations, if they had existed, their own interest requiring that step. But what was seen when the trial was concluded? Nothing at all that could have justified the noise that had been made; and the anxiety affected by the leading men,

The whole complot consisted of some dozen people, one half of whom were acquitted as completely innocent. And what sort of people were they? Adventurers of the most contemptible class, dissipated young men, prostitutes, and a few common rogues, destitute of money, and unaided by adherents. These were pretended to be leagued with some great and important characters; and in order to give more consequence to the affair, both fictitious and real negociations and follies of English agents at the courts of some petty princes, were blended with it.

The first grand blow to which this conspiracy was made instrumental, was the violent seizure of the duke d'Enghien, in the dominions of the prince of Baden, the most scandalous outrage that ever was committed against the laws of nations, and which, by its issue, has left an indelible stigma upon the character of Napoleon. It was pretended that he and his associates had been at the head of the atrocious plot, although no proofs could be adduced to substantiate the charge. The unfortunate prince was dragged to Paris, summarily tried *a la Turc*, and at night shot in the wood of Vincennes. Two great men, Pichegru and Moreau, were at the same time arrested at Paris; and the public prints, agents, and emissaries of the French government proclaimed in the most odious terms, unsupported by any proof, that they had been intended to conduct the counter-revolution, the assassination

of the first consul, and the restoration of the Bourbons. Pichegru having been outlawed, had come privately to France, in order, as he and Moreau deposed, to negotiate the erasure of his name from the list of emigrants. He had forfeited his life already, through his clandestine residence in France. I wish to know what dangerous consequences were apprehended to result from the influence or the depositions of that intrepid man, since he was strangled in prison?—A companion to the earl of Essex in the Tower. The government by that base act invalidated the credibility of their assertions; for no one believed that he had destroyed himself. And Moreau, the most generous and glorious of all French generals, that man of the people, the hero of Europe, was, upon the contradictory deposition of the most abject wretches, from the beginning of his arrest, treated like a criminal, and that great and spotless man was dragged, in company with the lowest ruffians, before the tribunal of suborned judges. Supported by the power of truth, he defended himself ably, and it could not be proved that he had conspired with a set of despicable wretches in a plot which, perhaps, had not even existed, though he was convicted of having had an interview with Pichegru. It appeared clearly, however, that Pichegru had been displeased with him, and his judges could not trace a vestige of his having discussed with him subjects of a dangerous tendency; therefore, the utmost that can be said to have been proved against him was, his having scorned

to turn informer against an unfortunate man; and since his judges declared that they did not lay any stress upon that count, they ought undoubtedly to have honourably acquitted him. But his righteous judges thought themselves justified in sentencing him to two years confinement. Sentence of death would certainly have been pronounced upon him, if his enemy had dared to take his life; but his name was too loudly proclaimed in the market-places and streets, and before the hall of justice, and a popular riot might easily have proved more fatal than the whole conspiracy. His judges appear to have treated with him, and being probably apprehensive of being confined in Besançon, where a Toussaint so mysteriously disappeared, he preferred banishment to prisons, where many are buried in total oblivion, and departed hastily for Spain, whence he went to America.

Through D'Enghien's murder, Bonaparte had irritated and terrified the princes of Europe; through Moreau's banishment, removed the only man whose greatness struck him with awe, and chilled him with apprehension. Europe condemned him, the people secretly murmured for a few weeks, and then all seemed buried in oblivion. He now took the last step, and, as his adulators say, suffered himself to be entreated to make himself emperor of France, in order to render himself more invulnerable through majesty. Pamphlets, proclamations, and quotations of precedents from the

earlier histories of France, Germany, and Italy were published by way of introduction to the grand inauguration, which afforded much cause for reflection. He was hailed as the second Charles the Great, whose throne he was to re-establish; nay, even the farce acted by Pipin and Charles was repeated. The holy father at Rome was obliged to cross the snow-capped Alps to bestow his benediction upon the happy French nation, and to anoint their great chief as emperor. Heavens! what processions and farces, what a cringing and crouching of German princes, what consecrations of standards and sabres, nauseated the sober observer on that occasion! How the Parisians smiled, and the Europeans laughed at the unmeaning farce, as it appeared to them. It had, however, but too much meaning. Napoleon betrayed on that occasion, as on many others, a kind of superstition which seems to have laid strong hold of his soul. This act was undoubtedly not intended to be a mere political farce, and it had influence upon the multitude and on the priesthood. Bonaparte, now the first and most faithful son of the church, stood a great chance of acquiring, in addition to numerous other titles, that of the **PIOUS** Napoleon; but of what use would that have been to him in his life time? we must also lay by something for our death. The subsequent summer he went to Italy, placing upon his sacred head, as king of the Lombards, the iron crown of Monza, and drawing a few more petty republics into the vortex of his power.

France now enjoys all the blessings of complete despotism; the name of a republic is in disrepute, though a few rotten republican scaffolds are left standing, and the French are still complimented with having a constitution. The word and the will of that one man are now absolute commands, and he is dreadful through the power of the great monarchy, and the military spirit of the nation, the only spirit begotten by the revolution, and carefully fostered by the French government, whilst all other good spirits are banished. All the good that had sprung up amidst the bloody horrors of the revolution has been destroyed, together with what was bad, all intellectual and physical liberty, all respect for individual energy under the protection of the law. Servants are wanted, not citizens. Artful, or actuated by an obscure instinct, which serves great men for the cunning of little ones, Napoleon has retained of the creations of the revolution what renders the pressure and action of government more rapid and destructive; but he has trampled under foot what through the influence of liberty could prove an obstacle to his designs. Not the vitality of the state was intended to be improved; nay, it was to be destroyed, whenever it appeared to throw obstacles in his way. All the spirit of the nation which had been roused, must be diverted from the internal constitution, and directed to the external relations; and in this Napoleon has acted a masterly part, and is acting it still.

I do not believe that any Frenchman, however versatile and amiable he might have been, could have succeeded so quickly and effectually in gaining the people. The stern, serious, and tremendous Napoleon appeared as a foreign power, as omnipotent fate, totally independent of them, but intimately connected with the nation by the recollection of his uncommon feats. They have not as yet been capable of seeing the littleness which he betrays; they behold only the dreadful power of which he is the representative; and French levity is by his apparent greatness prevented from giving room to sober reflection. They hate him, but also fear him. This is the charm that fixes all daggers in the scabbard, **AND TERROR PREVENTS THEM FROM SEEING HOW SAFE IT WOULD BE TO STRIKE THE BLOW.**

According to a superstitious notion, in which however there is some truth, he is like one upon whom God set his mark, and whom no mortal arm dares destroy: but it must be confessed that he has laboured hard for his dominion and security. At one time inspired, as it were, and irresistibly carried along, at another sober and collected, always watchful and active, did he continually look at the one thing needful. A connection, cemented by love and confidence, was impossible with such a man: of this, his instinct informed him. Having once placed himself at some distance from the mass over whom he lords, he widened the

distance by shrouding himself in dazzling splendour; for, without this, the greatest man is forgotten if placed at a distance. Secluded, like a God, stern and emblazoned with majesty, did he take his station, elevated above all, and there are no steps leading to his colossal throne from the footstool of his crouching slaves. The splendour of representation, oriental splendour and pomp (as no European king ever displayed) theatrical noise, and bombastical language, surrounded by a crowd of satellites, officers, and generals, decked with splendid trappings, whilst he is standing among them clad in humble garb, like a diamond set in gold; this pleases and delights the French people. Louis XVI. too would have ruled long, could he have represented only. Representation and vanity are all the accomplishments of Frenchmen, and by means of them they are ruled most powerfully. Vanity too was again placed by him on the throne of which she had been dispossessed by the revolution, and he hastened to clear away what of the republican leaven of rigour and morality had been introduced. To mistake amiableness and levity for probity and truth, to exchange sober hilarity for noisy pleasures, together with the rage for luxury, feasts, spectacles, and rareshows, are again the public order of the day; and a truly honest man would be deemed a very suspicious person by that giddy, servile, and apish crew. But their master watches even these amusements by means of an army of spies. You may talk as loudly as you please of silly and foolish subjects,

but no one will listen to you if you speak of grave and important matters. This is the surest way to make slaves. But the people are also excessively vain, and it is through the gratification of that passion that the hated man rules, and carries them to the brink of dreadful precipices.

Bonaparte began his career as a little soldier; the general made the emperor. He has not forgot his first profession, and this is the only thing which he thoroughly understands. He has taken from the deluded people every thing worth having, and substituted in its place sportive illusions, that may some time be known as such, and ruin him; but a grand and splendid illusion enables him to rule in safety. Of liberty, justice, and civic virtues no mention could be made consistently with the present system; what, therefore, remained? The victories and the valour of the great nation, syren sounds by means of which the most sanguinary tigers have frequently contrived to rule, and to ruin the world. There was a time when the rulers of the nation had disclaimed all wars of conquest, and fixed eternal limits to the possessions of the French—but this is long buried in oblivion. The great nation, the splendour, the power of the great nation, their invincible and dreadful heroes, their magnanimity (*sit venia verbo!*) to conquered Europe, these are the magic sounds by means of which the people are spell-bound. Warlike feats, martial honour, and the power of arms, are the only

points to which he labours to direct their whole attention, and these are the standard by which all arts are valued. New regulations, begotten by the revolution in times of distress, the dreadful means afforded by arming the whole nation, the conscriptions, and the armies—these are retained by the monarch, and new invasions of neighbouring countries, through a repetition of ill-treatment, and through the incorporation of additional provinces, he indemnifies vanity for the loss of his former good fortune. The armies, and the numerous hosts of his satellites and slaves of all descriptions, cause an annual expenditure which infinitely exceeds the most extravagant dissipations of former governments; the senatorial lands and those of the Legion of Honour constitute a kind of fief that will re-introduce the ancient feudal system, the abolition of which alone was worth a long struggle. He, finally, awes the mobility of the people by means of terrors entirely visionary, by the hatred of the British nation, which is real, and whirled them round in a frenzy which, under his government, gives them splendour and wretchedness, but under his successor may prove their destruction. He does not avail himself of what is really generous and beautiful, to make the people subservient to his views, but treats them as a contemptible set of miscreants, by inflaming the most savage passions in human nature; betraying by means of boundless extravagance and nepotism his unresented contempt of them; and making them feel by the exercise of the most arbitrary despotism, how completely he despises them.

And by what standard are the virtues, the justice, and happiness of nations measured by that admired idol? How completely ignorant is he of what constitutes and preserves the real greatness of nations! what an hollow echo of the unmeaning spirit of the times! what a political madness does he betray on many occasions, when he is extolled a paragon of wisdom! I shall quote only things which he himself proclaims as a great benefit conferred upon France, whilst fools, parrot-like, repeat the arrogant assertion. He exclaims, "Great nation, I have rendered thee for ever invincible and secure, by surrounding thee with none but petty states and princes, whose existence depends upon France, and by placing at a considerable distance all great states. The petty states are the guardians and defenders of thy frontiers, and no enemy will ever dare again to invade the French soil!" This language would be justifiable, were his dominions founded upon the basis of justice, or was there a single instance of a state having continued just without being kept within the bounds of moderation, and united by external pressure. A ruler that does not create a counter-weight, overturns the throne of justice, and the ruin of the state quickly follows. Bonaparte does not know this, though he knows full well how he abuses his petty neighbours, how he harrasses them with contributions, how he annihilates them, whenever he pleases, in short how he destroys all public faith, and disregards all principles of moderation. This was the road to ruin to all great nations, and will finally

prove the destruction of the French state, as soon as the care and the exertion kept up by the martial contest shall relax. A large state, surrounded by many smaller ones which it can command and injure as it pleases, is in the same predicament with a genial person, keeping company only with fools and blockheads: its exalted power will only be ridiculed. But when did ambition care for reason, and for the prosperity of future generations?

If I mistake not, there are some who will here, exclaim: Why do you urge all these objections against the man? what must he do, and what not, to please you? Did you not yourself call the French a thoughtless, foolish, and corrupt people, incapable of seriousness and liberty? Why then do you blame him for curbing them as they must be curbed?—Stop, good people! I did not say that they *must* be curbed—I said that the French are corrupt, foppish, and unrepublican, and that they have no sense for a solid and secure constitution. They have before this made the experiment, and did not succeed; but I do not say that they succeeded worse than now. The expenditure of so much blood and labour, so many great and astonishing actions, so many ideas, from which already much good had been prepared, ought undoubtedly have produced some real advantages to the nation. A wise and able man, possessing abundance of power, would have brought to perfection what was imperfect, weigh-

ed the real merits of what was left dubious, and consolidated what was not sufficiently settled. If all the power which was uselessly lavished upon territorial aggrandisement, had been applied to the internal regulation of the nation, rendered patient and tractable through many painful lessons, some permanent good might certainly have been produced. Napoleon had it in his power to make such experiments, and to try the establishment of a regular and lawful constitution : this was surely at least worth trying.

I do not pretend to maintain that all actions of Bonaparte are the result of cunning and design, for then he would never have performed any thing great, nor assumed the imperial purple ; neither do I say that he is as abandoned a villain as many represent him from hatred. He lorded when the people were willing to serve, commanded when he had not to apprehend opposition, availed himself of his astonishing power, frequently with design, but more frequently without being aware of it, when there was no resistance, and thus he attained to the point, which he could not have in view when he started. But are we to call the man who is impelled by an unknown power within his breast, a wise and safe guide ? Are we to call great, what is little—bold, what is cruel—and wise, what is artful ? Shall we look for moderation in a man who has no measure ? He never had any conception of the real dignity of man, nor had he ever the least notion of the civiliza-

tion, and the most secret relations of Europe. He blindly follows the fierce impulse of his nature, and accident may render foolish what was not foolishly intended. It is really impossible to form as yet a correct judgment of that man. He has not yet met with a worthy antagonist, and only crushed the weak as they came in his way. If he ever should meet with his equal, and keep his ground, then.....

We should not judge as lightly of that dreadful man as many do, urged by love or hatred. Providence, which has created him, and permits him to act so tremendously, must have intended him for some purpose, which none else can accomplish. He bears the mark of an extraordinary man, of a sublime monster, which appears more monstrous than it really is, because it rules and acts among men to whom it does not belong. A volcano, a hurricane, and each uncommon phenomenon in nature, also excites astonishment and terror, and to these Bonaparte has a just claim. The deeply-bidden fire of the south, the stern, merciless mind of the Corsican islander, blended with artfulness, his unrelenting spirit, which will be more dreadful in adversity than it is in prosperity, his impenetrable reserve, and prompt activity, moving with the velocity of lightning; moreover, the inscrutable fatality dwelling within his bosom, and the superstitious belief in his security and success in the field of battle, which he so strikingly displays—these mighty

powers, seized by the frenzy of the times, and sustained by fortune; could not but render him victorious. Thus did the Roman imperators stand in battle, cool, although inspired, calmly beholding the scene of furious carnage, and the deaths of tens of thousands; thus did they with cruel kindness expel kings from their lawful inheritance, or carry their prostrate victims to the capitol, and thus did they terminate with violence what they had begun with friendship, often just, seldom mild, never generous, oftener cruel. Look at the Æmilius's, the Scipio's, the Sulla's, and you will find his picture fully displayed by men of ancient times.

Do you imagine that the Romans were always fully aware of their intention, and of the final scope of their actions? Surely they were not. The powerful impulse by which great men are actuated is innate in them, invisibly proceeding in impenetrable darkness. They are conscious only of the less important part of their destiny. Bonaparte also is conscious only of the less weighty transactions which he performs; he sees only where engines are put in motion. Look at the dreadful man—why are you appalled? why do you shrink back? why do proud men tremble at the little Corsican? The mark of a victorious power is set upon him; it is the nature of that man, as unknown to himself as it is inscrutable to others, that coerces thousands and irresistibly compels them to submission.

Prudence conducts the lesser preparations, and the minor plots are contrived by the head, but the mighty heart gives to the action the most stupendous issues, whilst it is unconscious of the power by which it is actuated. Thus is it that the Corsican flies from victory to victory; thus is it that he rules and pursues his career. Prudence lays hold only of a rotten rope, but instinct grasps the eternal chain that holds the fate of men. Bonaparte is, unknown to himself, urged onward by the spirit of the times, irresistibly acting from its first impulse. Without stopping to scrutinize their causes and nature, he feels the oscillations of the dreadful revolutionary convulsion, and diligently keeps his people within the action of its eddies. He was born to be a warrior, not a ruler; and he plies his natural talent, and will continue the exercise of it until his course is run.

Our sapient politicians console themselves with a variety of surmises and hopes, flattering themselves that the powerful man will no more convulse old Europe, that the agitated mass will soon be calmed, and the nations be permitted again to breathe freely. But let me caution those speculatists to cast off the foolish hope of a speedy termination of the revolution. Neither can I approve of the opinion of others, who imagine that an universal subversion of things, like that of the middle age, and the establishment of an universal monarchy is utterly impossible, flattering themselves with the expectation that the terror of ex-

same distress will unite the many, to chastise the daring usurper for his rash designs. Look about, ponder the powers that are in action; watch the motions of the agitated mass, and ponder the sentiments and dispositions of the nations. Don't you behold the giant attitude of the *mighty one*, dreadfully arrayed in the united strength of South-Europe, already obedient to his behests? Can he not more closely concentrate it, use it more effectually, than the many can employ their scattered means, even if they should honestly unite, and jointly oppose him? And the nations—Ah! with what apathy and stupidity are they gaping at the giant monster, and at the transactions that cause them such grievous affliction!—Salvation can proceed only from some great man, striking, like the forked lightning of heaven, into the dead mass, and dispelling with the thunder of his power the dark and cold vapours that have overcast the European horizon. As soon as time shall have brought forth such a man, the decrees of heaven will be manifested.

Others there are who found their hopes upon the lately-assumed imperial title, believing that, as Bonaparte is now styled Emperor, Europe is delivered from a heavy load of cares. They say: "Napoleon is now restrained by many considerations; he will now chiefly employ his cares to render the glorious possession permanent in his family, to graft it upon ancient august families, in order to induce the

"princes and nations to interest themselves for it.
 "The august dignity which he has acquired will con-
 "strain him to be humane, to spare the weak, to
 "conciliate the favour of powerful princes, and to ob-
 "serve a certain external decency and propriety, that
 "humanizes the savage, and tames the dreadful con-
 "queror." Vain hopes! He is fully persuaded that
 his posterity will keep possession of the dignity and
 dominion of their powerful ancestor. When he was
 crowned, he exclaimed confidently, in the presence of
 the assembled multitude: "*My family will rule many*
 "*years.*" So thought Alexander, and so Charles the
 Great.

No man is more dreadful to the princes and nations
 than this: he is like the ocean, which, ever voracious,
 devours streams and rivers, and never returns a drop.
 He proceeds with impetuous eagerness, as fortune
 directs, and his wide extending plans of ambition in-
 crease with every successful enterprise. The imperial
 title, his coronation in Italy, the journey of the holy
 father, the preparative comparisons and allusions to
 Charles the Great, his controul over the hopeless
 princes in the south of Germany,—these, my deluded
 or deluding countrymen, evidently prove your opinion
 to be erroneous, when you represent him as a mere
 hero, willing to make him also appear as a pattern of
 clemency and mildness, if you could. Time will
 manifest what he really is. He speeds his course with

irresistible impetuosity, like Dschingis-Khan and Attila, the destroyers, displaying the relentlessness of a Fabricius and a Marius, and the friendly mien and artfulness of a Scipio and a Cæsar. You hope that he will meet with a reverse of fortune: it is possible: but should the tide of fortune turn against him, he will be more terrific than ever. New, as yet unknown, energies will be kindled in his giant mind: or, do you not know that the Romans of old were never more dreadful than when they had been defeated? Dreadful is the nation which is led by that man to victory and destruction. The French always possessed a larger share of spirit than the other Europeans; but the revolution inspired them with a frantic enthusiasm, flaming, destructive, and transitory, when it should have been steady, but more temperately active when a more volatile mobility was required. That kind of ambition which is improperly denominated a virtue, and which has always been prominent in the character of the modern French, was seized by that frenzy, and the pompous accounts of the glory with which the nation was said to have obtained, gave it additional vigour, and now that the spirit of the nation has again become ordinary and servile, a dreadful enthusiasm remains notwithstanding. The agitation produced by a great revolution in every nation lasts longest among the military: the recollection of great actions creates confidence and faith in the national strength; the leaders under whom they conquered are still in exist-

ence ; the acknowledged favourite of fortune is at their head, and has concentrated in the military the whole vitality of the state. A Frenchman is experienced by practice in the art of war, and is at the same time animated with confidence and high-spirited ambition : but there is something else that renders him still more formidable. Before the revolution that nation had disengaged themselves from every tie of religious faith, and of all higher virtues, and the revolution has considerably contributed to accelerate the progress of moral corruption. Appearance and the principles of honour are to be substitutes for faith and justice ; what the French call *honnêteté* is to preserve the world from all evil, and man is to be preserved from the commission of all mean and unworthy actions, not by a sense of duty, but by means of a visionary mental refinement. Whilst the better virtues which are still perceived in other nations are not inspired, that appearance must act powerfully ; for nothing stops the career of the French, neither superstition, nor religion, nor compassion ; honour and necessity are their sole deities ; and thus they proceed over the corpses of hundreds of thousands from victory to victory.

But Napoleon will be conquered, notwithstanding, as soon as he shall be assailed with his own weapons. He possesses the most astonishing means, has long been favoured by fortune, is endowed with quick penetration, his soldiers superstitiously believe him

invincible, whilst his armies are both numerous and experienced. But stupendous as are these means, his manner of acting renders them yet more dreadful. Lavish as he is in expressions of kindness, he respects not the most sacred relations. Neither mercy on the living, nor fear of the opinion of the world, have any influence upon him: he uses his greatness unchecked by any consideration, and promptly employs his *grand operations*; words, whose dreadful import, their application has made sufficiently understood. He strikes and destroys, inflexible, rapid in his motions, and sanguinary, like most of the ancients. He does not care whether ten or tens of thousands, more or less, are mowed down in the field of battle, nor does it give him any concern to see whole countries overwhelmed with destruction beneath his impetuous steps, and withering. Europe tremble at his motions: he strides over the corpses of the conquered, compelling those that survive the carnage of battle to follow his banners, and shews himself the only *great* destroyer in the dreadful mass which he is urging before him. Kindness, mildness, and mercy, those virtues of humane heroes and princes, cannot avail against such a man, who does not scruple at any means of oppression and destruction. The common means of assault, used by ordinary men, who are unwilling to lavish the blood of thousands, are of no avail against him. Let some man of more than ordinary greatness, powerful, commanding, and prompt in his actions, rise to oppose

him, let him with terrific intrepidity employ against him the united strength of Europe, and attack him with his own weapons : then Satan will be conquered by Hell.

And his soldiers? Who are those invincibles and immortals, boasting that they cannot be conquered? Look at them, my cotemporaries! They are men like ourselves, upon the whole not so strong and vigorous as the Hungarian, the Dalmatian, the Calabrian, the Austrian, and the Swede. And these are the conquerors of Europe, who would lord over the world. They have had practice, and are inspired with the enthusiasm of ambition, but they are devoid of all those virtues which can ennoble a nation. Let the more generous nations of Europe rise; led by some vigorous and genial man, some enterprizing and commanding man, deserving of being esteemed the representative of goodness and justice, and capable of inspiring enthusiasm for their cause, rouse them into life, and humanity will quickly dispel the vapours of false honour, which, when once dispersed, will collect no more, and French greatness will be soon reduced to its proper level; for, truly, men are still men. Some say, the French have had too much practice, and are too versatile; there is no nation equal to them in rapidity of motion, nor any general to be compared with their leaders in art and stratagems, and it is by these means that they carry every thing before them. I do not see this in all; and if they be versatile, know that fencing tricks do not avail much in

pitched battles. The truth is, that their enemies were besotted and perplexed, their generals bewildered, their armies without spirit: they were bewitched by the prejudice that the French were, and could achieve, any thing. And if versatility and art really be the chief strength of the French, and if war really be something almost merely mechanical, as is confessed by great generals, why then do not their opponents attack them in their own way, and defeat them with their own weapons? Is then the bull to attack the wolf with his mouth, because the latter has strong and sharp teeth? or is the elephant to use his tail against the lion?—Generals of Germany, ah, that you knew your people! Blunt, simple, strong, and valiant as they are, they rarely succeed in the application of artful tricks and stratagems. Why then do you apply these means against versatile and artful foes? Their arts will be dispersed like chaff before a hurricane, as soon as you shall attack them with firm confidence in your strength, loyalty, and valour; and, being inspired with enthusiasm for justice and your country, shall strive to assail them with promptness more rapid than theirs; but, if you attack them with no other weapons than your arms, know, that the world will neither be delivered, nor conquered, by mere dint of strong arms!

THE END.



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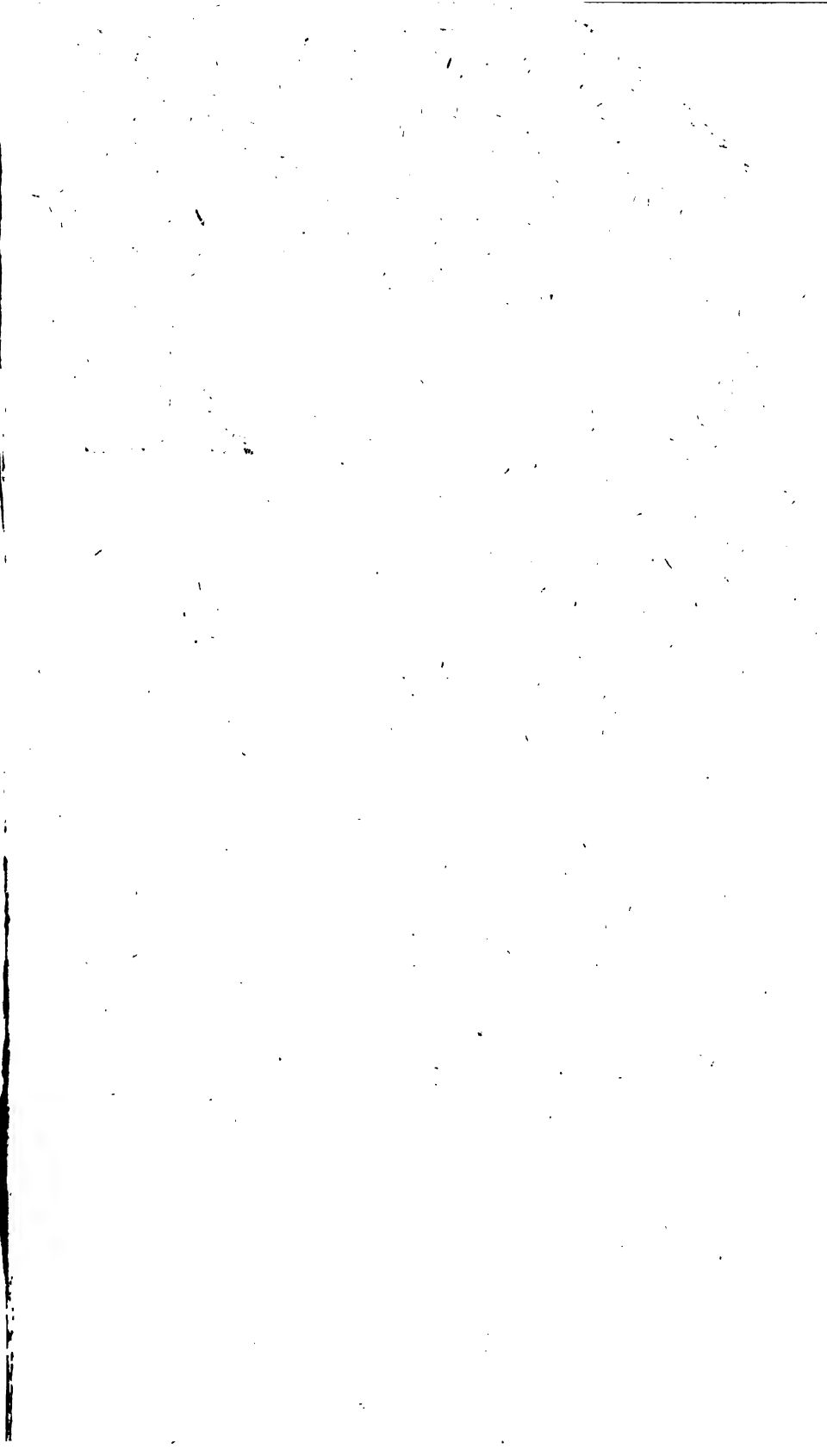
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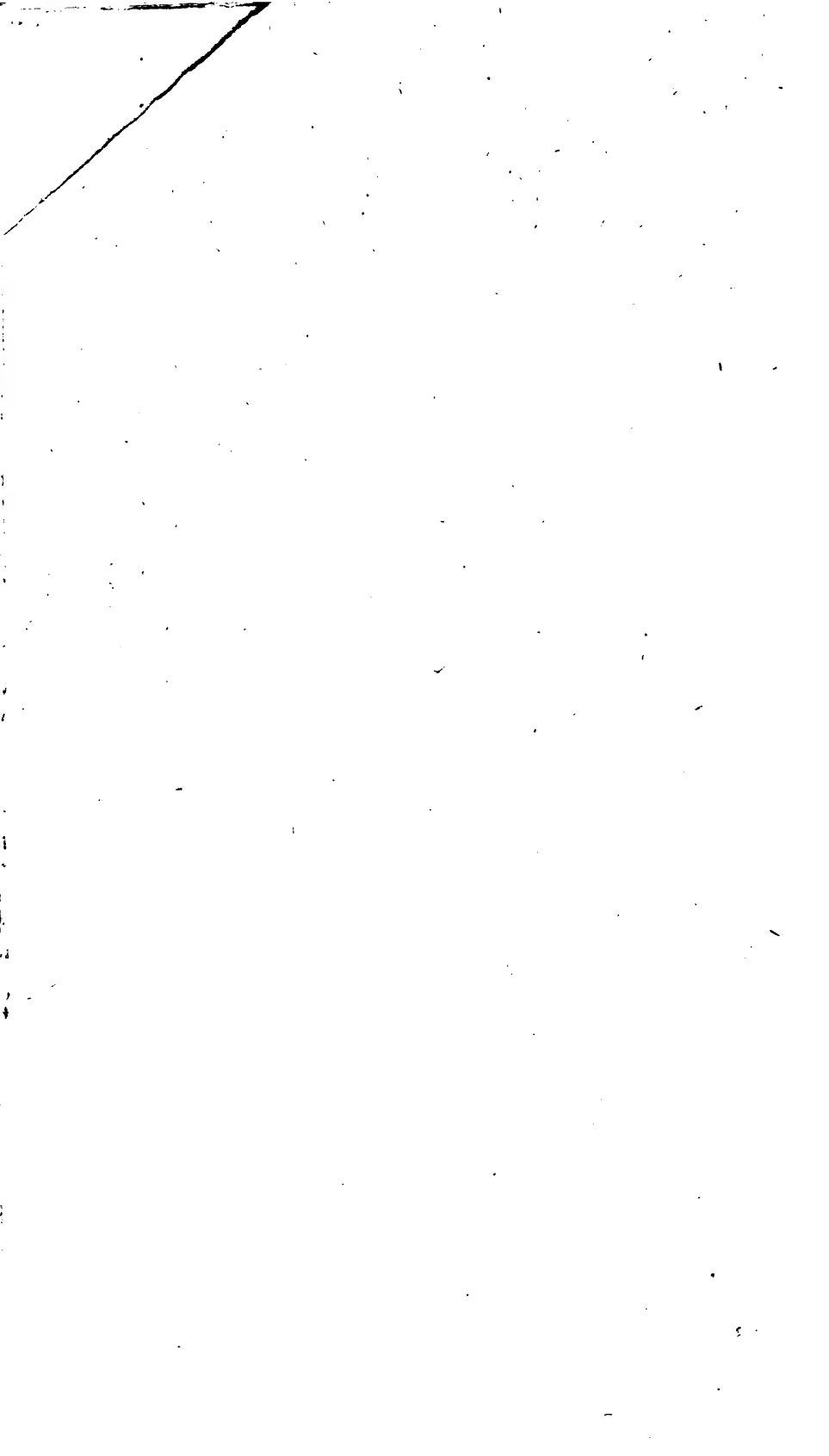
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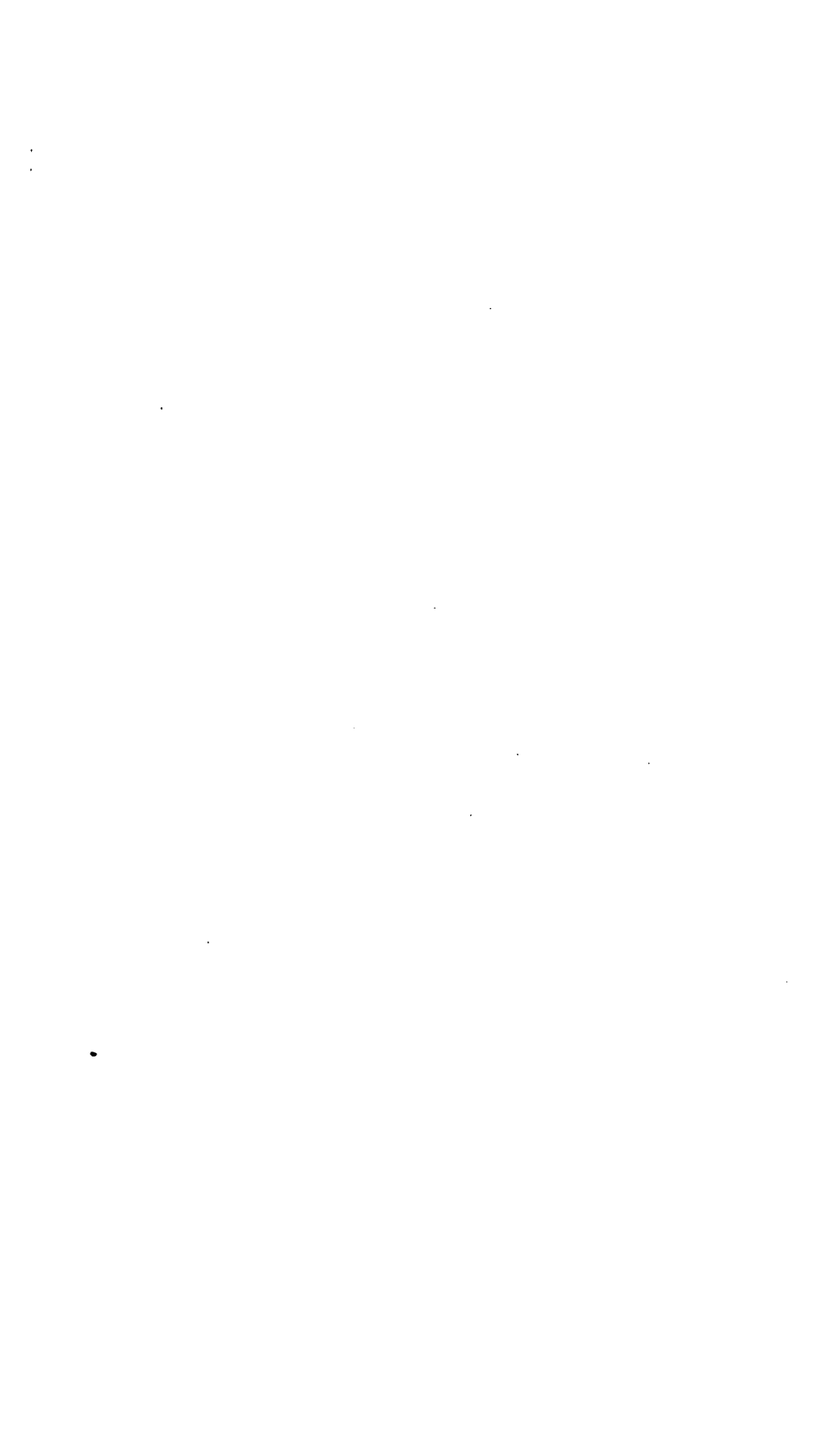
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